McKean County Min

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.00

VOL. XLVIII SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1911

TWO KILLED IN AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT

Car Turned Over at Wrights, Near Port Allegany

FIVE OTHERS WERE SLIGHTLY HURT

Automobile Goes Over Embankment Sunday Afternoon — Chauffeur Wentz of Erie and John G. Wharton of Bradford Were Killed—The Injured Were All Bradford Women and Children, Excepting a Little Girl From Buffalo.

Two men killed and five women and children more or less injured is the result of an automobile accident which happened near Wrights, about five miles up the river from Port Allegany last Sunday afternoon, when an automobile went over an embankment while on the way to Austin.

Clarence Wentz of Erie, Pa., the chauffeur, was pinned under the machine and his life crushed out almost instantly. John G. Wharton of Bradford, who was riding on the front seat beside the chauffeur, was so badly injured that he died at Dr. McGrainor's private hospital at Port Allegany at about 8 o'clock Monday morning from internal injuries.

The injured were Miss Agnes Wharton of Bradford, pinned beneath the car and badly bruised and cut; Mrs. E. E. Hall of Bradford, slightly bruised and cut; Miss May Hall of Bradford, daughter of Mrs. E. E. Hall, bruised and cut; Agnes Day, aged 8 years, of Buffalo, lacerated and badly bruised; Little Beth Wharton of Bradford, daughter of Thomas Wharton, slightly bruised and cut.

John G. Wharton, who was killed, was a brother of Miss Agnes Wharton and Mrs. Hall. Agnes Day and Beth Wharton are neices of the above-named people, the former being a daughter of Mrs. Day, the owner of the car.

Mrs. R. F. Day, owner of the car, Miss Agnes, her daughter, and Chauffeur Wentz drove from their home in Buffalo on Saturday to spend Sunday with her brothers and sisters. They got to discussing the Austin disaster and at 10:30 Sunday morning the above-named party started for that place.

A short distance beyond Wrights, they overtook a team and as they passed the rig Wentz noticed that the horses were considerably frightened. After he was safely by he turned his head to see how the horses were acting and as he did so he evidently turned the steering wheel enough so it slid over the embankment and turned over twice down the steep side hill, landing bottom side up about thirty-five feet from the road.

Chauffeur Wentz and Miss Agnes Wharton were pinioned under the car. The steering wheel was broken and the spokes had penetrated the chauffeur's chest, causing almost instant death. Miss Wharton, although badly squeezed, escaped with only painful cuts and bruises. The women in the back seats of the car managed to throw the two little girls out of the car before it overturned.

The remains of Mr. Wentz and Mr. Wharton were taken to Bradford and prepared for burial. Mr. Wentz was 28 years of age and was recently married. His remains were taken to Erie for burial and Mr. Wharton's remains will be laid at rest in the Bradford cemetery.

Mrs. E. E. Hall was a former resident of Smethport, and was well known here fifteen or eighteen years ago. She was a dressmaker and of late had done considerable work for Smethport ladies. Her friends here sympathize with her in her misfortunes.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending October 14th, 1911:

Anderson, C. C.
Black, Mr. Loney.
Henderson, Mr. Spencer.
Hontoon, Mrs. Nellie.
McKee, Mr. R. M.
Smith, Mrs. Ella.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

Will Convene in Court House Oct. 30—Evening Entertainments.

The evening entertainments for the week of the Teachers' Institute, which opens Monday afternoon, Oct. 30, in the court house, will start at 8:15 sharp in the Lyceum. The entertainments are as follows:

Monday, Oct. 30—Lecture, "Being a Boy," Dr. C. C. Ellis.

Tuesday, Oct. 31—Recital, "Every Woman," Cora Mel Patten.

Wednesday, Nov. 1—Concert, Dudley Buck Co.

Thursday, Nov. 2—Concert, Hruby Brothers Quintet.

The price for single tickets are as follows: Monday and Tuesday entertainments 40 cents each. The concerts will cost 50 cents each. Course tickets, including reserve seats, will be on sale after Oct. 23, at Wells' drug store.

The course is a strong one, every number being first class in its special field. Dr. Ellis was here last year. He is one of the most pleasing and helpful institute workers of the country. His oratorical ability has made him in great demand as a lecturer. You cannot afford to miss hearing him Monday night of Institute week. It is a subject in which he is at home.

Miss Patten comes here from Chicago. Her subject, "Every Woman," by Brown, is a masterpiece. Judging from press notices and opinions of leading educators, Miss Patten will prove a worthy successor to Miss Willis.

The Dudley Buck Concert company is the highest priced entertainment of the week. Half their engagements this season are return dates. This company has made more than one hundred appearances in New York and vicinity during 1909 and 1910. They are as good in their line as any attraction offered by Lecture bureaus.

The Hruby Brothers Quintet was at our Institute two years ago. This entertainment was so good that Supt. Boyle engaged them for 1911.

Both musical numbers are above the average. Music lovers can ill afford to miss either of them.

AUSTIN DEMANDS JUSTICE.

Legal Action Will be Taken Against Those Responsible.

Austin, Pa., Oct. 15.—"Justice but no whitewash."

With that slogan Austin and Costello, both destroyed by flood from the Bayless pulp mill dam, joined forces to-day in an independent movement to insist upon punishment for the guilty in the extensive loss of property and at least 75 lives.

When Mr. Hamlin, of the Bayless company, refused to testify the people argue that the company made its plea.

The Austin people have retained Maurice Dichter, a prominent New York attorney who was born in Potter county, to represent them.

The first step will be a request for an immediate reconvening of the coroner's inquest. A request will be forwarded to New York urging Edward Wegemann, formerly consulting engineer of the Aqueduct Commission, to appear as a witness. Mr. Wegemann warned the Bayless company that the dam was not safe but that it could be made safe by an expenditure of $25,000.

A FOUNDLING.

Baby Left at Doorstep of Well Known Olean Family.

Olean, N. Y., Oct. 16—Early Sunday morning Byron Burdsall, a glass blower, while passing the residence of J. Hartzfelt, at No. 129 North Second street, heard an infant crying. The Hartzfelts are at their country home at Four Mile and the house was dark. Upon investigation Mr. Burdsall found a baby boy wrapped in a light overcoat and crying lustily. A note found in the overcoat pocket gave the police the only clue. It read:

"Dear Friend:—Keep this child until it is seven years old and you will be paid $500 a year and the mother will send you a check each year. She has gone to the old country to look after some real estate belonging to her people."

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

THE WORLD'S SERIES.

New York Giants Take First Game and Philadelphia Athletics Win the Next Two.

The Athletics of Philadelphia have the best of the world's series up to date. They have won two games while the New York Giants have only one to their credit.

And all three of them were ball games, let me tell you. The first game was played in New York on Saturday and the Giants won by a score of 2 to 1. The second game was played in Philadelphia on Monday, the Athletics winning by a score of 3 to 1. The third game was in New York on Tuesday and was won by the Athletics by a score of 3 to 2. The game scheduled for yesterday at Philadelphia was postponed on account of rain, and therefore the fourth game is scheduled for this afternoon at Philadelphia.

Frank Baker, the husky third baseman of the Athletics, is the hero of the day. In Monday's game he made a home run in the sixth inning on top of Collins' two-bagger, driving the ball over the right field fence, winning that game. And on Tuesday he made another home run in the ninth inning which tied the score and scored one of the two runs in the eleventh inning which won the game.

Below is the tabulated score of the three games:

First Game.

NEW YORK.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Devore, l	3	0	1	3	0	0
Doyle, 2	3	0	1	1	4	0
Snodgrass, m	3	1	0	2	0	0
Murray, r	3	0	0	1	0	0
Merkle, 1	1	0	1	11	1	0
Herzog, 3	3	0	0	2	2	0
Fletcher, s	1	0	0	2	3	0
Meyers, c	3	0	0	4	1	0
Mathewson, p	3	0	1	0	4	0
Total	28	2	5	27	11	0

PHILADELPHIA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Lord, l	3	0	0	2	0	0
Oldring, m	4	0	2	1	0	0
Collins, 2	3	0	0	6	5	1
Baker, 3	4	1	2	0	1	0
Murphy, r	3	0	0	1	0	0
Davis, l	4	0	1	8	0	0
Barry, s	3	0	0	1	7	0
Thomas, c	3	0	0	12	2	0
Bender, p	3	0	1	0	1	0
Total	31	1	6	21	10	2

Philadelphia	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
New York	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	0

Two-base hits—Oldring, 2; Meyers, Devore. Sacrifice hits—Murphy, Murray, Stolen bases—Doyle, Left on bases—Philadelphia, 5; New York, 7. First base on balls—Off Mathewson, 1; off Bender, 1. First base on errors—New York, 1. Hit by pitcher—By Bender (Snodgrass). Struck out—By Bender, 11; by Mathewson, 5. Passed ball—Meyers. Time—2:12. Umpires—At the plate, Klem; on the bases, Brennan; left field, Connolly; right field, Brennan.

Second Game.

NEW YORK.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Devore, l	4	0	0	3	0	1
Doyle, 2	4	0	0	1	2	0
Snodgrass, m	3	0	0	2	1	0
Murray, r	3	0	2	1	0	0
Merkle, 1	3	0	0	9	0	1
Herzog, 3	3	0	2	1	1	0
Fletcher, s	3	0	1	1	1	0
Meyers, c	3	0	1	8	1	0
Marquard, p	2	0	0	0	2	0
Crandall, p	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	30	1	6	27	7	3

PHILADELPHIA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Lord, l	4	1	1	2	1	0
Oldring, m	3	0	0	1	0	0
Collins, 2	3	0	1	1	4	0
Baker, 3	3	0	2	1	4	0
Murphy, r	3	0	0	0	0	0
Davis, l	3	0	0	10	0	0
Barry, s	3	0	0	2	2	0
Thomas, c	3	0	0	5	0	0
Plank, p	3	0	0	0	2	0
Totals	28	3	4	27	10	0

New York	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Philadelphia	1	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	3

Two-base hits—Herzog, Collins. Home run—Baker. Pitching record—Marquard, 4 hits in 25 times at bat in 7 innings; Crandall, no hits in 3 times at bat in one inning. Sacrifice hits—Oldring. Left on bases—New York, 3; Philadelphia, 2. First base on errors—Philadelphia, 1. Hit by pitcher—Plank, 1 (Snodgrass). Struck out—By Marquard, 4; by Crandall, 2; by Plank, 8. Wild pitch—Marquard. Time—1:52. Umpires—At the plate, Connolly; on the bases, Brennan; left field, Klem; right field, Dineen.

Third Game.

PHILADELPHIA	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Lord, l	5	0	0	3	0	0
Oldring, m	5	0	0	0	0	0
Collins, 2	5	1	2	3	4	2
Baker, 3	5	2	2	2	1	0
Murphy, r	5	0	0	2	0	0
Davis, l	5	0	2	10	0	0
Barry, s	5	0	2	1	4	0
Lapp, c	4	0	1	8	0	0
Coombs, p	4	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	41	3	9	33	10	2

NEW YORK.	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Devore, l	4	0	0	0	0	0
Doyle, 2	4	0	0	5	5	0
Snodgrass, m	3	0	0	3	0	0
Murray, r	2	0	0	2	1	0
Merkle, 1	3	0	0	11	1	0
Herzog, 3	3	1	1	4	3	3
Fletcher, s	4	0	0	3	4	2
Meyers, c	4	1	1	4	4	0
Mathewson, p	3	0	1	1	4	0
*Becker	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	2	3	33	22	5

Phila.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2—3
N. York	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1—1

*Batted for Mathewson in 11th inning. Two-base hits—Barry, Herzog. Home run—Baker. Sacrifice hits—Barry, Murray. Stolen bases—Harry, Collins. Double plays—Doyle to Fletcher. Left on bases—Philadelphia, 6; New York, 1. First base on balls—Off Coombs, 4. First base on errors—Philadelphia, 3; New York, 1. Struck out—By Coombs, 7; by Mathewson, 3. Time—2:17. Umpires—At plate, Brennan; on the bases, Connolly; left field, Klem; right field, Dineen.

Horse for Sale.

On account of ill health, wish to dispose of my carriage horse.

C. A. BURDICK.

AFTERMATH OF AUSTIN DISASTER

Capt. Joe Robinson of State Police Tell His Experiences

PEOPLE STILL NEED MORE HELP

Much Has Been Received, But the Needs of the Sufferers, as Winter Approaches, Are Great—A Paul Revere Who Has Received But Little Attention — Governor Prompt — Smethport Gets Due Credit.

Much has been told about the disaster at Austin, but volumes yet remain unwritten.

Captain J. F. Robinson, a former well-known newspaper reporter, while in Bradford on a brief visit told an Era reporter of many incidents that came under his notice during the two weeks while he was on duty at Austin following the flood calamity.

The captain has had 60 troopers there most of the time guarding property, keeping order and assisting in the relief work. On Saturday all were relieved of duty at the place, but 10 men. These, at the request of Austin citizens, will remain for a time.

Gov. Tener's Promptness.

Gov. Tener was at Charleroi when he learned of the disaster Saturday afternoon, Sept. 30, and he at once rang up Harrisburg on the 'phone. He ordered that representatives of each of the State departments at once proceed to Austin and give aid to the stricken people. Captain Robinson was in bed at his home in Wyoming at 11 o'clock that night when the governor's orders reached him. By 2:30 he and his troopers were on a special train bound for the scene of the disaster. It was quick work all around and it meant much to Austin, as the people of that town were sadly in need of light, heat, food, water and shelter.

Smethport's Good Work.

On the night following the flood the people were in a wretched condition. Darkness hung over the scene of destruction, lighted only by the flames of property that had caught fire after the water had passed down the valley.

Then came help from Smethport. The steamer from that borough did wonderful work. In the darkness, mud and confusion the firemen of Smethport battled with the flames and the amount of property saved by them—household goods, etc., was enormous. And that was not all. Smethport people were the first to give food to the hungry, dazed, homeless sufferers.

It was not long, however, before the State, through its different departments, was well represented in the relief work. Tents, clothing, food and other necessary things had been hurried to the place as a result of Gov. Tener's prompt use of the wires.

Eight hundred second hand N. G. P. overcoats were very much appreciated when they were given out to the people, and men, women and children found them excellent protection from the cold.

The Constabulary.

The State constabulary threw a cordon about the place and not only kept away looters and assisted in searching for bodies, but they had a big mess tent where they fed hundreds daily. Commissioner Dixon, of the Health department, had a commissary and there were other supplies also provided.

In all its details the work of relief as managed by State officials was most excellent.

Captain Robinson was in complete charge of the troopers and he saw about as much of the horror of the calamity as any man who was there. In a talk with an Era man last night, he mentioned a number of incidents that attracted his attention. "If ever the story of Austin's destruction is correctly told in book form," he said, "it will be of rare interest.

"In a few minutes a thriving town was wholly changed to a waste of wreckage. The deaths, the escapes, the losses of home, property, everything seemed like some frightful dream, and that is how many people of the place still seem to regard it. They can't realize the extent of their misfortune.

Failed to Escape.

"That the loss of life was not larger is one of the strange features of the affair. Yet it might have been smaller if some of the endangered persons had acted more promptly in getting away. One dead woman was found clutching in her hands a collection of diamonds. She had gone back into a house after her jewels and had lost her life. Another woman who had hurriedly run from her house as the big deluge came down the valley, escaped drowning to be afterwards cremated.

A Woman's Awful Fate.

"She climbed upon a mass of debris and was looking at the site where but a few minutes before her home had stood. A man saw her as she gazed intently at the ruin about her and then something else attracted the man's attention. When he looked again where he had seen the woman, a few moments had elapsed, but in that time she had disappeared. The wreckage, which was then on fire, had given way under her and the woman had gone down to her death in smoke and flame. She was a Mrs. Hillaker.

Irresistable Force.

"The flood when it broke was irresistable. It gathered thousands of cords of wood and wreckage as it moved down the valley toward the town. The mass held back the waters until they rose to perhaps 60 feet. This meant a concentration of force more than could be checked for only a few moments and with the wood as a battering ram it just crushed the town to wreckage—grinding, twisting, smashing everything in its course regardless of weight or power of resistance. Locomotives were as toys in the titanic grip of the unloosed waters. A tree three and a half feet in diameter was wrenched from the ground and borne down the valley as if it had been a toothpick.

"One of the notable heroes of the flood was a latter day Paul Revere—a young man named Peck—whose work in saving the people of the valley between Austin and Costello was most praiseworthy. Peck was in an automobile and had come to Austin from Costello. As he reached Austin he saw the waters coming and realized that the valley was to be flood-swept. Turning his car toward Costello he dashed away at full speed shouting an alarm to all who were in the path of danger, as he sped onward. One farmer could not get out of the way in time, with his team, and perished. But others warned by Mr. Peck escaped. He reached Costello three minutes ahead of the flood."

Seventy-Seven Dead.

Captain Robinson informed the Era that the official death list shows 77 names. Of the persons who perished in the disaster the bodies of 73 were found. Of these, 10 were unrecognizable. The injured, strange to say, numbered but seven. Of these, one died in the hospital from pneumonia.

The people of Austin as still in a bad way and dependent on outside help. They lack provisions and there are inadequate facilities in Austin for buying the necessaries of life—even if the persons seeking such articles should have money to buy them. Stores are needed.

As winter comes on there will be continued need of clothing and provisions. The working people of the town are out of work in addition to having lost their belongings. It is doubtful is the mills will be rebuilt and prospect before the people there is most distressing.

THE DEGREE OF REBEKAH.

Its History, Development and Beautiful Works.

The natural gallantry of man could not long exclude the better-half of mankind from participation in the benefactions of the Order, the teachings and doctrines in its literature were and are essentially and peculiarly suited to the female character, from the greater mysteries of antiquity women were however excluded, not because it was believed they could not keep a secret, but because woman had not obtained her proper position in the family. As early as 1775 the Grand Orient of France opened a lodge in Paris for the reception of women. Similar lodges were organized throughout Europe, in which the work was conducted by the sisterhood, assisted by the brethren in the initiation, the temptation of Eden, the building of the tower of Babel, the passage of the Israelites through the wilderness, the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon, and other Biblical subjects were emblematically represented. The work of the evenings was generally followed by a banquet or a dance. The objects and aims of some of the lodges were praiseworthy but in others the motives were of a trival and merely social nature, so that lodges thus constituted necessarily after a time to have any lasting in the eyes of their members, was lacking the broad and durable basis for their existence. What without his better half—woman—as the morning star, with modesty arrayed with virtue, grace, and [illegible] love; eloquent, whose lore [illegible] grace, glory and delight of man, his boast, his riches, his renown, [illegible] found sufficient bliss, when lost despair.

Many earnest efforts were made to bring into communion with the order the wives of Odd Fellows, but without success until 1850. At the session of the Grand Lodge held that year in Cincinnati, a resolution was introduced by Representative Smith of New York looking to the preparation of a degree to be conferred upon the wives and daughters of Scarlet Degree members. Colfax, of Indiana; Larue, of Louisiana, and Kennada, of New York, composed the committee. After the committee thoroughly considered the resolution referred to them, they could not agree. In consequence two reports were made, the minority report signed by Solfax, who favored the idea with tongue and pen. The battle over the matter was long and strenuously fought on both sides, but finally resulted in the adoption of the minority report. Colfax, of Indiana; Martin, of Mississippi, and Steel, of Tennessee, were appointed the committee to prepare the degree. The opponents of the work fought the matter with all the talent and ability in their possession, but to no purpose, for the report was adopted by forty-six votes in its favor to thirty-seven against it. The Degree was adopted on the 20th of September, 1851. Among the many sources of charity and benevolence with which the world at present abounds there is probably none more elevating, [illegible] none more peculiarly [illegible] nature of [illegible] of Odd Fellowship, known as the Rebekah work. With pride and honor we review this able and successful effort of our lamented brother and benefactor, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, through whose untiring energy this degree was established, thus opening an avenue by which woman was made a participator in Odd Fellowship, where she stands side by side with her husband, father and brother in the great duties of man to fellow man; clinging and dependent, yet hopeful and encouraging, like the vigorous oak, with branches long, the clinging ivy twines, till both so firmly knit and strong their beautious grace combines.

While the beautiful instructions of this degree teach us our duty to each other, they bear equally strong and binding upon our duties to our fellow creature. When the sunshine of home is darkened with the cloud of sorrow and grief, there are many beauties befitting its mission. It is pure and exalted in its sentiments, elevating in its instructions, sacred in its obligations, liberal and generous in its principles, founded upon the noblest and purest character which adorns the pages of sacred history, it portrays the courage and goodness of true womanhood. It harmoniously blends in history the pure, unaffected life and character of the maiden, Rebekah, whose name it bears. In fancy we picture her in loose, simple, graceful garb of olden times, ministering to the wants of the stranger, for she was nature's own daughter, endowed by her with grace, while purity and truth were blended in her face. There are many in life thirsting for the simplest acts of love, strangers to kindness, to charity, to happiness. Many whose journeys are never cheered or brightened, even as the well was a welcome sight to the traveler, and the unaffected hospitality as refreshing and grateful, so the great well of human benevolence is free, liberal and spacious for all mankind. Let us freely dispense its refreshing draughts to the needy; let us drop our little kindnesses by the wayside of life.

The emblems employed to designate this degree are four of the most speaking significant, appropriative, illustrative in their application to every day life and its duties. First, the beehive represents associated industry, the good results of united efforts and action. Second, the moon and seven stars indicative of the order teaching us the necessity of system and order in all our duties, both in the lodge room and out. Third, the dove is a lovely type of innocence,

(Continued on page 4, 4th column.)

Aunt Sue's Brocade

Sailing Under False Colors Brings Sad Results

By JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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When the local expressman drew up his big gray horses in front of the Lamdin gate the neighbors were all wide eyed incredulity. The man had surely made a mistake. No one had ever seen an express package go through that gate before, and this was not even Christmas.

Inside the Lamdin house the wide eyed incredulity was duplicated. In response to the expressman's imperious summons the door was opened by a slim woman with household drudge stamped legibly all over her. She shook her head at the big box: "I guess you've made a mistake, haven't you?"

The man glanced at the big box too. "Not if your name is Mrs. Susan K. Lamdin and this is 650 North Pearl street, as I take it to be."

"That's me," Mrs. Lamdin admitted, adding anxiously, "Prepaid?"

"Sure! All you got to do is to sign your name right here."

He offered his dingy book. She signed her name right there, opened the door wider to admit the mysterious box and closed it on the empty handed expressman. Then she stood and stared. Three more pairs of eyes were quickly focused on the big box. From the owner of one pair came a practical suggestion: "Let's open it, ma." An open jackknife flashed into readiness. "I'll cut all them knots in a jiffy."

"SUE, YOU ARE A CORKER."

Mrs. Lamdin sternly interposed "You'll cut nothing, John Lamdin. There's a lot of good, strong, brand new twine knotted about that box. It's worth saving. Wait until pa comes in from the store, and he'll untie every one of those knots if it takes him all day. That's his way."

"Yes, but the insides?" three young voices clamored.

"Can wait. I don't see 'perishable' marked anywheres about."

Jessica was for sending Johnnie to the store to hurry pa up. Lou advocated applying their own fingers and teeth to the obdurate looking knots. With unfeminine lack of curiosity Mrs. Lamdin repeated, "Wait," and returned to her sewing machine.

A period of torturing inactivity followed. Mr. Lamdin kept a meager little stationer's shop, eking out a limited supply of stationery with cigars, chewing gum and other like allurements for a constituency not conspicuously bookish. Business must have been better than usual that day, or perhaps it only seemed so to the young Lamdins in view of that box and those prohibitive knots. At last!

The last stubborn knot was loosed, and while pa thriftily coiled the long piece of twine into a compact hank the whole family fell upon the opened box with a mighty rustling and flapping and tearing asunder of manifold sheaths of white tissue paper.

"Silk!" screamed Jessica as the sheen of something that was not tissue paper came to light. An excited tug by Johnnie, a frantic grab by Louisa and there came to light a superb brocade gown glistening with jet and all the other appurtenances of a perfect garment.

"Gee, whiz!" said pa, recovering from his trance of awe struck admiration.

"There's a note pinned to the waistband," said Mrs. Lamdin, affecting a composure she was far from feeling. She unpinned it and read aloud: "Dear Susan—We send you in this a brocade dress poor mother had made for sister's big reception, but never got to wear. She was taken off suddenly with pneumonia. As we remembered how near her size and figure you were we thought we would like you to have it. Your affectionate cousins, Jane and Frances Stewart."

Mrs. Lamdin cast a sober look at the family group. "Poor Aunt Sue is gone. I was named for her."

"It's awful sad, ma," Jessica tried to look her grief stricken part, but failed. "Now you can go to Sophie Toanish's wedding. You said you'd like to, but didn't have anything to wear to a church wedding. Try it on, ma." "Try it on, ma," came from every throat, and Mrs. Lamdin retired to the next room, whence she emerged transfigured from a household drudge into a fine lady.

Her husband beamed upon her.

"Why, Sue, you look as purty as you did the day we were married."

"But the things that have to go with it!" she sighed. "I can't wear such shoes as those." Out from the brocade she thrust a rusty worn shoe.

"I reckon some of the shops down town carries shoes big enough for you and fine enough for the brocade." Pa was distinctly reckless in his joyous mood.

Jessica was gravely considering her mother's careless coiffed hair. "And, ma, you can go anywheres bareheaded now. I saw old Mrs. Butt on Main street yesterday without a sign of a hat on her head."

"Well, then, I just won't, Mrs. Butt or no Mrs. Butt. And gloves—I've got nothing."

But there was no question in the family mind that Aunt Sue's brocade had been sent by special providence for the Toanish-Scruggs wedding. A family council, not entirely free from anxiety, was held. The day came.

The center of an adoring group Mrs. Lamdin stood arrayed. From the crown of her white chip hat with its lavender ribbons and bunch of violets to the tips of her patent leather oxford ties she was flawless.

Pa voiced the family sentiment.

"Sue, you are a corker. I wish I could dress you that way all the time. And don't you walk up that church aisle like you stole those duds and was afraid the sheriff was close on your heels. Why, this is the first time your own kids have ever seen you look like yourself."

With the pretty flush evoked by family plaudits still on her cheek Mrs. Lamdin walked bravely up the church aisle and took her seat inside the white ribbon. Wasn't Sophie Toanish's mother the sister of her Sister Ann's husband?

The afternoon after the wedding the Ladies' Literary club of Marysville met at Mrs. Hibbard's. Mrs. Lamdin did not belong to it. She was too busy a woman for functions of a purely social complexion. The wedding had been well thrashed out as a topic when a question was sprung.

"But did anybody see Mrs. Lamdin?"

To which came promptly the acid response: "I didn't see anything else. Such a brocade as she had on would about lift the mortgage my husband holds on her husband's store. It didn't cost a cent under $7 a yard. And then the making! I've always told Mr. Hibbard he was too easy going."

An awe struck gurgle from the secretary. "And her hat was the swellest thing. My husband is called a prosperous merchant, but I couldn't begin to wear such a hat."

"And her gloves—spick span new white kids. Lamdin certainly must have struck it rich."

"And it hasn't been two weeks since I went there to collect her quarterly dues for the Associate Charities, and she told me she would bring them to me as soon as ever she could raise them. I do believe in consistency if I don't believe in anything else."

Then the gavel came down, and Mrs. Lamdin had to give place to a discussion on the architecture of French chateaux in the middle ages. The Toanish-Scruggs wedding had become a matter of ancient history when pa, first making sure that all the children were safe abed, turned an anxious face on ma. "Sue, Hibbard's threatening to foreclose. I can't think what's come over him. He's always been so friendly and patient. But today he was downright short with me."

Mrs. Lamdin's blue eyes flashed angrily. "I know what's the matter with him, Joe. It's that brocade."

"That brocade!"

"Yes. Mrs. Hibbard like to have bored me through after the wedding, smiling so sweet when she said I quite outshone the bride."

"Well, you weren't beholdin' to any of them for the shine," said pa, hotly.

"No, but she's behind that foreclosure threat, you bet. And I have had my turn today, too, Jo. You know I'm paying for the girls' piano on the installment plan. I am a little behind, but Mr. Wicks told me not to fret. He was here today and told me that unless I could pay $15 down by Tuesday next he would have to remove the piano."

"What's bit him? I thought he was real friendly."

"That brocade's bit him. Mrs. Wicks sat right behind me at Sophie's wedding."

Pa's face was full of disgust. "I'll be dogged! And do you reckon that brocade is sticking in the craw of the coal people too? They dunned me for the first time in history today."

"Certainly. And when I sent Johnnie to Dr. Bailey this morning to have that tooth taken out he told the child to tell me he would be glad if I could make it convenient to pay my little bill."

Pa groaned. "And I was just fool enough to think seeing you look so trig would help me in the shop. It looked like we was prosperous."

"Looking like you are prosperous when you are not, Joe, don't help anything along. But don't fret. I'll just have to take in dressmaking and stop the ice, and we'll stave off the foreclosure all right."

Things were at their lowest ebb under the Lamdin roof on the day when Jessica appeared before her mother with a face full of dismay. "Oh, mother, that miserable cat Billy has chewed a whole width out of your beautiful brocade! It must have fallen out of the upstairs window."

"Let him chew," said Mrs. Lamdin with grim stoicism. The machine whirred on.

"But, ma, he's ruined your beautiful brocade!" Jessica shrieked.

"Let him ruin it." The machine whirred on.

Jessica turned away to report to Lou that "ma has certainly gone queer." On her way in search of Louisa she encountered Johnnie. With a tragic face he extended toward her a crumpled black object, which she stared at unrecognizingly. "Well and what is it?"

"One of ma's wedding shoes," Johnnie gasped.

"Her beautiful patent leather oxford ties?"

Johnnie grinned nervously. "Tain't much of a beautiful patent leather oxford tie now. I'll have to kill that dog Benny before I can teach him anything. I found him out in the back yard playing with it, and when I ran after him to get it he played like he does when I throw sticks for him to bring out of the water and pitched it right into the pond. I fished it out and put it under the kitchen stove to dry, aiming not to let ma know, and that's the way it done. Take it in and show it to ma, you say? I'd heap rather take a beating."

But he took Jessica's advice valiantly. Mrs. Lamdin was still at the machine when he made his trembling announcement. "Mommie, something terrible's happened to your wedding shoes. Benny stole one of them and flung it into the pond."

"Let him fling."

"But I fished it out and put it under the stove to dry, and it got all shriveled up."

"Let it shrivel." The machine whirred on.

Jessica and Johnnie retreated with frightened faces. "Ma had certainly gone queer."

They told their tale of woe to Louisa. "Now there's nothing left but her hat and gloves. And she did look so cute that night. Let's take care of the gloves at least." Together the three, loving and sorrowful, mounted the stairs to their mother's bedroom. "I know where she put them," Johnnie triumphed. "I gave her my empty Christmas candy box, and she put 'em in it the day after the wedding."

"Candy box? Mice as bad as they are in this house?" With a jerk Louisa pulled out the top drawer of the bureau. The wreck of a pasteboard box confronted her. With trembling fingers she drew out a thumbless right hand glove and a left with mutilated wrist.

"Now, who's going to tell her?" Jessica moaned.

"I am," said Louisa, taking the wrecked gloves with her in evidence. To her statement, "Ma, the mice have nibbled your wedding gloves into holes; I knew the mice were taking this house," Mrs. Lamdin gave a glance at the gloves. "Let them nibble." The machine whirred on.

"Now there's nothing left but your hat," Jessica moaned.

The machine stopped whirring. Mrs. Lamdin's face cleared up. "Nothing left but the hat. Johnnie, go bring my wedding hat here."

The strange command was obeyed. Ma had gone queer, and it wouldn't be safe to cross her. When it was in her hands Mrs. Lamdin held her big shears suspended over it.

"My children, listen to me, and if you live to be a hundred years old don't forget what I am saying to you now." Swish! The bunch of violets lay scattered on the floor. "For once in my life I sailed under false colors. It was when I wore Aunt Sue's brocade and bought things to go with it I could not afford." Swish! The lavender ribbons came off, the hat in a shining streak. "Don't ever be tempted to dress beyond your means." She shook the ravished hat very much as Benny must have shaken her oxford tie. "I'll put a plain blue band about it, Jessica, and you can have it. But, as for me, if I go barefoot and tie my head up in a towel when I go to church I'll never be cajoled again into sailing under false colors. I feel like a free woman at last. I couldn't stand up in the pulpit and say: 'Brothers and sisters, this dress was given to me. I sold my yearling heifer calf to pay for the bonnet. I pawned my violin for the glove and shoe money.' I just made a fool of myself generally on account of Aunt Sue's brocade. Children, take warning from your mother."

THE BUNCH OF VIOLETS LAY SCATTERED ON THE FLOOR.

And the machine whirred on.

Across the State Line

Process Servers Baffled by a Woman's Wit

By HOWARD FIELDING

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Littleton lies against the state line. When you go out of it to the north you step into New York. It is a nice little city, thriving and progressive, with handsome homes for the rich and good enough places for the others to live in; a model municipality and safe for life and property, as I ought to know, being chief of police.

Amos L. Hasbrook owns it—that is he owns the bulk of the real estate along the business streets and all the public property, such as car lines, waterworks and the gas and electric plants. He is a good man and liberal to those that do the right thing, but he has had a lot of trouble, especially with process servers, who are always chasing him back and forth across the state line. He has a house in Littleton and a farm just over the border, and he lives in one place or the other, according to whether the New Jersey or the New York people are after him at the time.

"WHEN YOU COME OUT YOU WILL BE ARRESTED."

The worst trouble that he had was about four years ago, and it was then that I first got mixed up in his affairs, which was the making of me. I was a patrolman, and my beat was in the Pleasant Hill section, where Hasbrook's house stands. His daughter had just come home from abroad, and a fine specimen of the breed she surely was, with the eye of a hawk and a face as hard as marble.

I used to pity her maid, whom she had brought home with her from Europe, a pretty girl born in France, but speaking English as well as myself; cheerful as cricket and playful as a kitten. There were times when I'd have an hour's talk with her at the gate of the garden that runs back to the north road, and she'd tell me how tired she was and how late she'd been up the night before and laugh as if it was the best joke in the world.

In the preceding fall there had been a reform wave, and the people had elected a district attorney who had pledged himself to send everybody to jail. A good deal had been said in the course of the campaign about Amos L. Hasbrook and the extension of the street railway franchise. After thinking about it for six or seven months the new district attorney, whose name was Ridgewood, got after Hasbrook on this matter of the franchise and dragged him before the grand jury, where he was badgered during a long forenoon. Not being satisfied with the way he had been treated, Hasbrook refused to attend the afternoon session, and Ridgewood got some sort of warrant for him, but the judge didn't issue it until he knew for certain that the victim of this persecution had escaped across the state line to his farm.

Hasbrook executed this sidestep in an unusually hasty manner, and he left some documents at his city house which were absolutely essential in some matters which were then in progress. So he telephoned to his daughter to bring them over. The district attorney had tapped the telephone wire, not only the one that was in plain sight, but the secret line that ran under ground through the garden. As soon as he had overheard the message about the documents he rushed half a dozen of his men up to the Hasbrook house.

I saw them coming, and, though I did not know the inside of the case, I scented danger. So I passed the word to Madeleine that a picket line was being thrown around the grounds and that it looked to me as if the men intended to arrest anybody who should come out. Madeleine told Miss Hasbrook, who promptly hid the papers in a secret place which her father had revealed to her. This made the papers safe from the clutches of the district attorney, but it did not put Mr. Hasbrook in the way of getting them.

Miss Hasbrook called up her father and laid the situation before him, but he could not tell her what to do, because he perceived that the telephone wire had been tapped and that when he talked to his daughter he was also talking to the district attorney. The best plan that Mr. Hasbrook could think of was to telephone to the office of his counsel in Littleton, and upon receipt of this message a member of the law firm went to Hasbrook's house. He was stopped by one of the district attorney's detectives, who said:

"You may go into that house, but when you come out you will be arrested on a warrant charging you with criminal conspiracy in connection with the Union railway franchise extension."

The lawyer went into the house and conferred with Miss Hasbrook, but he dared not take the papers. When he came out he was arrested and searched and released. He brought an action for false arrest which got lost in the legal mill and will never emerge.

Meanwhile an officer in plain clothes had come up from headquarters and pointed out to me my duty as it was viewed by my superiors.

"Of course Hasbrook stands all right with the police department," he said, "but the word is 'caution.' Keep strictly within the forms of law. Don't take any chances. If the district attorney's men ask you to assist them in any legal way you must do it; otherwise keep your hands off."

Shortly afterward Madeleine came to the garden gate and called me in.

"This is terrible," she said. "You must do something."

"What can I do?" I demanded.

Then she told me how big and strong and brave I was and what a wonderful mind I had and how she trusted in me and would never fear any danger if I was near to save her. And it wasn't so much what she said as the way she said it. She told me that those documents must be in Mr. Hasbrook's hands before 6 o'clock. The Littleton board of aldermen met at 8, and there would be a conference of certain influential parties at Hasbrook's farm before the session. Nothing could be done without the documents, and if the deal didn't go through at that evening session it would certainly be blocked. This would be a very serious setback for Hasbrook, and an injury to the city, too, because it was a question of getting public improvements in Hasbrook's way or not getting them at all.

But how could the thing be done? The district attorney was playing the game hard. Nobody could get out of that house without being arrested. Certainly nobody could leave it and cross the state line except by force, and any illegal move would be worse than none at all.

"Madeleine," said I, "you've given me some good words, but I need just one more. The world's a fine place since I've known you. It's one great rose, and you're its fragrance. But it's still the world, and I'm a poor man. So I dare not speak of love, but only of hope."

"I give you both words," said she and put her hands in mine—"love and hope."

I drew a long breath.

"It's enough," said I. "The district attorney is done up. I will eat him alive."

So we talked awhile longer, and then I walked off my beat and went to the station.

"Captain," said I, "can you give me a minute?"

He looked me in the eye and then beckoned me into his private room.

"Miss Hasbrook runs an automobile," said I, "and pretty fast too. Do you know somebody who would make a complaint against her?"

"What for?" said he.

"The only way to get her out of that house without her being arrested is to arrest her ourselves," I responded, and then I laid out my plan a little more in detail.

Twenty minutes later I was on my way to the Hasbrook house with a warrant for Miss Hasbrook's arrest on a charge of violating the speed ordinance.

We had just put in the patrol wagon service, and we hired horses from the fire department to haul the wagon. Every prisoner that rode in the wagon was fined $1 to pay for the use of the horses, and the surplus went into the police pension fund; consequently no prisoner was allowed to walk to the station. The old timers knew what was expected of them, and as soon as they were arrested they lay down on the sidewalk. New cases were instructed, and some of them made a fuss, but it always ended by their lying down. There was an ironclad rule that the wagon had to be used, and in order to get around it in this case the captain sent word to have somebody arrested in the outskirts of the city, so that the cart would be away when I telephoned down from the Hasbrook house that I had made the arrest.

"Under the circumstances," said the captain over the telephone, "you may bring the prisoner down in her automobile."

As soon as the automobile was brought out the district attorney's men saw the game, but there was no legal way to stop me. Miss Hasbrook and I got into the automobile and started off toward the station, and Ridgewood's men ran after us with their tongues hanging out.

As we came to the corner of the North road Miss Hasbrook, who was running the car because I didn't know how, turned the car suddenly northward, and the next minute we were running for the state line like a streak of lightning.

I yelled to her to stop, and there were plenty of witnesses that heard me, but she increased the speed. I didn't know how to stop the car, and I dared not take hold of Miss Hasbrook, because that might have resulted in a spill which at the pace would have meant death for both of us. I was in the position of an officer trying to stop an escaping prisoner who had been arrested for a misdemeanor, and I did not feel justified in resorting to such means as would endanger the prisoner's life.

There has been a great deal of trouble about speeding on the North road, and in order to stop it a chain has been rigged about a quarter of a mile this side of the state line, so that it can be put across the road at a moment's notice. There is a man on duty at the spot, and a telephone is fastened to one of the posts that hold the chain.

When we came in sight of that place the chain was up. One of the district attorney's men had telephoned ahead.

Miss Hasbrook stopped the car, and I stood up and thanked the man who had put the chain across the road. As I was explaining matters to him a furious sound was heard behind us, and along came a double seated wagon drawn by two horses and crowded with the district attorney's posse so that they were clinging on by their teeth.

Ridgewood himself was there, and he jumped out of the wagon before it stopped and ran up to me.

"That woman has documents with her," he cried, "and I demand to have them!"

Miss Hasbrook took a sealed envelope from under her automobile coat and handed it to me.

"I am your prisoner," she said. "I and my property are in your custody."

There was a wrangle, which resulted in the district attorney's getting into the automobile with us and driving it himself to the central police station. There I surrendered my prisoner and the sealed envelope to the chief, who was in personal charge. The district attorney made application for the documents, and the chief took the matter under advisement for the moment, going into his private room to think the matter over. Perhaps he telephoned to Hasbrook's farm and had some news from that point. At any rate he came out of the room pretty soon and said that he had decided to deliver the documents to the district attorney.

Ridgewood opened the envelope then and there, and it contained blank paper. He gave one look and then came over to me and shook his fist in my face.

"You shall suffer for this," said he.

"What have I done?" I retorted. "I was ordered to arrest a certain party and bring her to this station, and here she is."

"Return to your post," said the chief to me, and I saluted and withdrew. Two of the biggest men on the district attorney's force followed me, and they never let me out of their sight during the rest of the afternoon. When I went off duty at 6 o'clock they followed me to the station, but I saw no more of them after that.

When I had put on my citizen's clothes and had a bite of supper I strolled up toward the garden gate,

"RIDGEWOOD'S MEN RAN AFTER US."

and there I waited till about half past 8 of the sweetest June evening that ever was upon this earth. Then came Madeleine, not from the house, but along the road in a pony cart driven by one of Hasbrook's men.

The dear girl sprang out and overwhelmed me with greetings and praise.

"It was as easy as that!" she cried and, waved her pretty hands lightly with a sort of dancing movement. "All those men chased after you and Miss Hasbrook in the car, and when they were gone I slipped out with the precious documents and ran—ah, I flew—but no one pursued me. It was not yet 5 o'clock when I came to the farm, and there was Mr. Hasbrook in a great perspiration. And when I told him that it was all your plan by which he now had the papers which he desired so much he cried: 'By jimminy-neddy, that man is a peach, and I will make his fortune before I get through with him!' And then he asked me if I liked you very much, and I said—well, what do you think I said? Never mind. I will tell you what Mr. Hasbrook said. It was that he would give you and me a house to live in."

Well, he did, and a good house too. And I walked right up through the police department like a man climbing an easy flight of stairs. So now I am chief, and I'll do Mr. Hasbrook the justice to say that he has never asked me to do a thing that wasn't on the square. Suppose he should? Why, I'd simply have to show him a way to do the same thing in an honest and legal manner, just as I did in the matter of those documents.

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McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 19, 1911.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Two weeks from next Tuesday is election day.

—Read the new advertisement of The Lindblom Company in this issue.

—Scander Georgia, son of W. Z. Georgia, of Olean is slowly recovering from a severe run of typhoid fever.

—The New England supper given by the members of St. Luke's Guild last evening was well attended and a goodly sum was realized.

—John Haley of Detiolla, has been discharged from the Bon Air sanatorium as an arrested case of tuberculosis. John's many friends in this place hope that he will soon have his former good health.

—A handsome granite monument has just been erected in the Moody cemetery on the lot of Chester T. Moody to the memory of his wife. The work was furnished by Foley Bros. Co. of Olean, monument builders.

—New postage stamps are expected to be on sale at the local postoffice in a few weeks. The two-cent and higher denominations will bear portraits of Benjamin Franklin, the first Postmaster General, and the one-cent stamps will carry George Washington's picture.

—The subject for the morning service, 10:30, at the Methodist Episcopal church will be "Makers of our Civilization." The evening subject, 7:30, "The Time of Testing, or Hard Experiences." This is the second sermon in the series on the Life of Joseph.

—Work on the Pittsburgh & Shawmut road between Brookville and Mahoning is to be rushed to completion this fall as is also the big bridge over the Allegheny, but work on the division across the river from Kittanning will not be resumed this year. This is a statement given out by officials of the road in reply to inquiries made by the Kittanning Times.

—The F. M. Rockwell farm of 25 acres, located at Eldred, was sold on Thursday through the Olean office of the Herrick Agency, to William Carey of Eldred, Pa. The F. E. Garthwait farm of 35 acres, located one mile from Wellsville, N. Y., was sold on Friday through the same Agency, to George Dickinson of Wellsville, who has immediate possession.

—That W. J. Kerr does not conduct the only moving picture show in town was fully demonstrated Friday evening to the many passersby of a Main street dwelling. Much to the amusement of the onlookers the scene was all and more than one could expect to see at the Star. It might be wise to draw the curtain near the piano while practicing this duet.

—Monroe B. Messenger, of Sherman, N. Y., was arraigned before Judge Hazel in United States court at Lockport, N. Y., Friday on a charge of raising a money order from $3 to $300. It was shown that Messenger is of weak mind and that no one profited by the transaction as the postoffice does not issue money orders of such large denominations. Messenger was fined $50, which he paid and was discharged.

—A wooden dagger, about a foot long, was placed against the door of a prominent Kane citizen some time during last night, and was found this morning when the door was opened. Just what this meant cannot be determined by the person who found the same, and if the party will call who left it they can have it as it is of no consequence to the finder. Perhaps it is the work of a practical joker.—Thursday's Kane Republican.

—Simon Thomas, aged 83, a resident of Plum Creek, Armstrong county, was kicked in the side by a vicious horse and died the next day from his injuries. Several days ago a son of the dead man had his leg broken by a kick from the same beast, but the father refused to yield to the requests of other members of the family that he get rid of him. The old man refused to believe that the dog was vicious, and his death was the direct result of his over-confidence.

—Titusville Herald: California with more than two million population, has extended suffrage to women. Kansas is to vote upon the proposition this fall and it will not be surprising if Kansas with a million and a half of people follows the example of California. There is now universal suffrage in six different states of the Union. The time will come when women will have the right to vote everywhere, either by constitutional amendment or by special enactment. When that time arrives a good many political ills of the present time will have been thoroughly cured. It is now time for the elements opposed to woman suffrage to gird their armor for battle, because the warfare is going to be carried into every state of the Union.

—Although there is nothing of the kind on the statute books of the State there are many residents of Pennsylvania who harbor the delusion that game may be killed at any time in case it is to furnish food for an invalid. Howard Miller, a youth of Franklin township, Butler county, was arrested last week for shooting squirrels and promptly confessed. In extenuation he explained that a woman neighbor was sick and she wanted a stewed squirrel and that he had shot it for her. The arrest was made by one of the State constabulary. Miller was fined $10 and costs and was permitted to take the squirrel to the invalid.

—During an encounter in a Wylie avenue saloon in Pittsburgh, Pa., late Saturday night, John Barnardo, of Warren, Pa., was shot in the abdomen and died within a short time at Mercy hospital. Frank Chargi has his throat cut from ear to ear and he is not expected to recover, and Joseph Musalem, of Kent, O., was shot in the base of the brain. Bernando played the part of "innocent bystander." Musalem and Chargi had been friends, but had quarreled over money matters Saturday night. Chargi, who was employed as cook in the saloon, was called to the door by Musalem, who slashed his throat with a dirk. Chargi ran back to the lunch counter, appearing almost immediately with a loaded revolver. One of the bullets struck him in the head and Chargi continued to fire, one of the shots striking Bernando.

IN THE REALM OF FASHION

Fall Millinery.

Two of the smartest fall models have been sketched here. The one is a round hat in pansy purple fur felt set off by a flaring bow of striped rib-

TWO FETCHING NEW HATS.

bon. The other hat is of putty colored felt, trimmed with coral pink velvet ribbon. The very high crown and pulled down brim are characteristics of the new millinery.

HANDKERCHIEFS OF LAWN AND LACE

Designs With Hand Worked Monogram Are Preferred.

Occasionally round handkerchiefs are to be met with, but these are apt to have the appearance of doilies, and the old fashioned square shape will be found the best. The scrap of muslin or lawn trimmed with lace or embroidery today finds a place in the wardrobe of every well dressed woman. To make a handkerchief very fine linen may be used, and lawn and even muslin are pressed into the service. The size will naturally depend upon the owner's individual taste, but a square measuring from six to ten inches across will usually be found quite sufficient.

For a small handkerchief it will be found best to make the hem quite narrow, half a dozen threads drawn an inch and a quarter from the edge, which is then turned in and hemstitched, being about the most suitable. The hem being thus disposed of, the question which next arises is that of ornamentation.

Drawn thread work is always pretty and appropriate and may take the form of a narrow insertion running all round, a half or a quarter of an inch inside the hem, or better still, a square or more or less triangular piece of work in one or each corner. The threads for this should be drawn in squares, and there are innumerable charming and quite simple patterns which may be found in any book on drawn thread work and which are singularly adaptable to this purpose.

For those who do not care about drawn thread work there is embroidery, which may take many forms—a design more or less elaborate, according to the capabilities of the worker running all round the edge, a design, conventional or otherwise, in each corner or a name, monogram or initial worked in one corner, either plain or surrounded by a spray of flowers or some other inclosement. The embroidery must, of course, be exceedingly fine, having consideration for the thinness of the material.

The Airy Cap.

Plenty of picturesque Louis XVI. or mob caps of silk or velvet with ruchings, or, rather, plaitings of tulle, lace or point d'esprit around the face are to be seen in Paris, some with quaint garlands of tiny silken roses forming chaplet between crown and brim—if the plaitings forming flounces may be so called. Others have a soft satin ribbon twisted round the lower portion of the mob and a big windmill bow upon the side, while others, again, show a simple full blown rose nestling amid the soft ruchings of tulle—le bonnet de Mimi Pinson—immortalized by Alfred de Musset.

NEW TALES THAT ARE TOLD

Penmanship in Congress.

"I'll bet you a dinner for ten people," said Representative Frank Clark of Florida one day last spring, according to the Popular Magazine, "that the worst penman in congress is Sparkman of my state."

"I'll take that bet," replied Hardwick of Georgia. "The man who writes the worst hand in the world is Adamson of my delegation."

Sparkman is chairman of the committee on rivers and harbor, and Adamson is the head of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce. The two congressmen who had made the bet selected a committee to pass on the handwriting in question and then

"IN A FEW DAYS HE RETURNED MY LETTER."

secured letters written by Sparkman and Adamson in their own penmanship. Those letters were something horrible to see, and the judges decided that the writing of both was so bad that the writers, not the men who had made the bet, must pay for the dinner.

While the banquet was in progress Adamson told this story:

"Last winter a constituent of mine wrote to me and asked for a specimen of my handwriting, explaining that he had heard it was the worst in the world and that he was making a study of bad penmanship. I complied with the request. In a few days he returned my letter to me, with this note:

"'Fine! Am enthusiastic. Didn't know such handwriting was possible. Please send me a typewritten copy of the inclosed. I need a key to it.'"

A HARD KNOCK FOR UNDERWOOD.

Congressman Hears From a Farmer Constituent.

Representative Underwood, chairman of the ways and means committee in congress, represents what is known as a "manufacturing district," because it contains all the factories and smelters in and about Birmingham, Ala. But he also has among his constituents a lot of farmers, of which fact he is now painfully aware.

He drove out to a settlement in Bibb county one afternoon to persuade the farmers they ought to vote for him. As he stepped up to the porch of a little store an old man rushed up to him with the request:

"Please sign this paper. It's a petition to Congressman Underwood to have a young lady postmistress here."

"I'd be glad to sign it," said Underwood politely, "but as I'm not a resident of this community my name wouldn't help you."

"Oh, yes, it would," the old farmer assured him. "We're getting everybody to sign it, strangers and all. Go ahead and put your name down. That fool congressman will never know the difference!"—New York Tribune.

Pigs and Art.

"Which would you rather have," asked Rose Stahl, "a pig or a picture?" As every one was too much surprised to answer, she went on: "An artist friend whose pictures are worth many thousands per was out on a sketching trip, and he stopped to make a study of a barn. The farmer happened to appear and said he'd like to have the sketch.

"'If 'tain't too dear,' he added cautiously.

"'Oh!' said the artist, who makes $12,000 a year, 'I won't charge you anything for the sketch, but'— His eyes lighted on the pigpen. 'But I'll tell you what,' he said jestingly. 'You can give me one of those nice, little, pink, suckling pigs there.'

"'Why, man,' said the farmer, with a frown, 'do you know what them pigs is worth? They're worth $1 apiece.'"—Young's Magazine.

TIMELY HINTS FOR FARMERS

Winter Quarters For Hens.

While fowls can stand a great deal more crowding in the winter than in the summer, they cannot stand too much even then. The first noticeable effect from overcrowding is diminished egg production, which can be relieved by removing part of the fowls to other quarters. Feather pulling and egg eating are vices that are soon learned when fowls are too crowded. A contagious disease soon spreads in crowded quarters and plays sad havoc among the flock. There is never enough room at the feeding trough, and the weaker ones never get enough to eat. But the worst result of overcrowding is the curtailment of the egg supply, and this counts when eggs are so high in price. If you would have plenty of eggs keep no more fowls in one pen than can be comfortable on the roosts without overcrowding and have plenty of scratching room in the house. If they are so crowded as to be in the way of one another while scratching for their food, you certainly will not get many eggs.

Sulphur Smudge For Mites.

A good way to kill all vermin in a poultry house is to fumigate with sulphur. Place a large iron pan or kettle in the middle of the house, place a large piece of redhot iron in its and pour the powdered sulphur on the hot iron. Fumes of sulphur will begin immediately to rise and fill the room.

Leave as soon as possible, as sulphur fumes are suffocating to humans, and close the door tightly. Leave the building closed for three or four hours, when the doors and windows may be opened for admission of fresh air, and all of the insects will be killed.

The Farm Water System.

Every farm supplied with a windmill or gasoline engine for pumping water should have a water system in the house to lighten the labors of the housewife and provide conveniences for the family. A good sanitary sewage system does not cost a fortune if rightly put in, and it makes the home much more valuable from a healthful point of view.

System Pays on the Farm.

Any system of farming which provides regular summer and winter work for the horses will prevent the waste by their "eating their heads off" half the year or so that they may be available for the work at other seasons.

THE STORAGE OF SEED POTATOES.

Tubers Keep Best In a Well Ventilated Cellar.

Seed potatoes in storage have three very definite requirements. They must be kept in a cool place well ventilated and dark. That the potatoes be kept cool is most important. The best temperature is from 33 to 35 degrees. If the temperature falls below 32 degrees there is danger of freezing, although it takes a slightly lower temperature to freeze potatoes than water. Good ventilation is necessary in order to prevent the spread of rot, and it is well to keep the potatoes dark, so they will not start to sprout at any time. A cool, dark, well ventilated cellar fairly dry is the best place to store seed potatoes on the ordinary farm.

As spring comes on seed potatoes should not be allowed to send out the long, pale, spindly shoots so often seen. This may be prevented by keeping the potatoes cool and dark. Some growers, three or four weeks before planting time, spread their seed potatoes out in the light at a temperature of 60 to 70 degrees and here allow them to develop sprouts a half to an inch long. These are strong, stubbly little sprouts, that are not broken off in planting. It is said this process both hastens the maturity of the crop and increases the yield.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Keep the Henhouse Clean.

Burn the nest material in the hen house and renew the nests with clean, fresh material. A hen is a clean, sanitary fowl and does not like to make a nest in foul, filthy rubbish. Lice and mites are apt to be in hiding in old nest material, and for that reason the old lining should be burned.

Charcoal For the Hogs.

Keep a small box of wood ashes or charcoal where the hogs can get at it. It will do wonders toward keeping them healthy and their digestions strong. A little attention to matters of this kind will result in a more thrifty growth and quicker fattening.

Grooming Improves Animal.

Grooming the horse every day not only cleans the skin, but prevents parasitic disease as well. The modern horse is an artificial product living under artificial conditions. In order to do his best he needs the care of man.

The Valuable Sheep.

Why not keep a few sheep on your farm? They may not be especially profitable, but they will be very convenient in furnishing mutton and wool with little cost.

He Startled Persia.

Persia has a champion of the woman's cause, who is none other than Hadji Vakil el Rooy. He recently astonished the house of parliament by an impassioned defense of women's rights, and it is said that the members "shivered when he mounted the tribune and declared roundly that women possessed souls and should possess votes," whereupon the mullahs arose and solemnly declared that he had never in a life of misfortune had his ears assailed by such an impious utterance. Nervously and excitedly he denied to women either souls or rights and declared that such doctrine would mean the downfall of Islam.

Thy Serpent.

The Birmingham (England) Daily Mail, aided by a somnolent proofreader, has achieved distinction as a blunderer in this single short paragraph:

"Mr. Andrew Carnegie, receiving the freedom of Liverpool, said if he could see his dear old land and his beloved republic knit in the bonds of peace he could say, 'Lord, now let thy serpent depart in peace.'"

Should Andrew again attempt a Scriptural quotation he will probably go round to the newspaper office to see that it goes in right.—Echange.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - - Pa.

We solicit your account.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—

GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

IF ITS NEW

and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer

Smethport, Pa.

Just Received

A new stock of goods have arrived and are on display at my store in the Young Block, opposite Fry & Comes, I am prepared to do all kinds of Portrait enlarging.

¶ Millinery and 5- and 10-cent counter. Give me a call.

May Chadwick,

Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Subscription—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Ordinary advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. (Our own position and no variation from this rule. Extra charges for each insertion.

Obituary, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $1.50 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 19, 1911.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Sheriff.

Editor Miner: Please announce to the voters of McKean county that I am the candidate for Sheriff of this county on the Democratic and Keystone parties and I respectfully solicit their support at the general election to be held on Tuesday, November 7.

MATTHEW C. BAIN.

Bradford, Pa., Oct. 3, 1911.

Editor Miner: Please announce to the voters of McKean county that I am a nominee for Prothonotary of his county by the Democratic and Keystone parties and I respectfully solicit their support at the general election to be held on Tuesday, November 7.

FRANK P. ISHERWOOD.

October 18, 1911.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

Treasurer.
C. C. Melvin, 2nd, Bradford.
Sheriff.
John A. Peterson, Bradford.
Prothonotary.
B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder of Deeds.
H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register of Wills.
John B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts.
Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
District Attorney.
Thomas B. Wilson, Bradford.
Coroner.
E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County Commissioners.
A. R. Anderson, Clermont.
A. M. Marsh, Bradford.
Auditors.
A. A. Abbey, Smethport.
J. E. Abbott, Bradford.

Republican candidates in this county do not seem to have much occasion for worry. The Keystone tidal wave has apparently passed, until now hardly a ripple of it is heard and the Democrats are so split up that there is no hope of harmony in their ranks this fall. With all these facts a sweeping Republican victory seems assured.

Thirty-eight sticks of dynamite were found placed along different sections of the 800-foot bridge near El Capitan, Cal., on Monday just before President Taft's special train passed early that morning. The watchman discovered two men placing the dynamite and drove them away after a spirited revolver fight. The Southern Pacific railway has offered a reward of $5,000 for their capture and large posses are hunting for the men.

A dispatch dated Tuesday, says: Probably a hundred or more persons were killed and more than two hundred injured by an earthquake that rocked the country about the base of Mount Etna on Sunday, according to information brought from the affected zone. The destruction of wire communication prevented any word of the disaster reaching the outside world earlier. Mt. Etna became active following the earth shock and is emitting large quantities of smoke and lava. The heaviest loss of life is believed to have occurred at Giarre where fifty were killed.

Frank P. Isherwood announces in this issue that he is the Democratic-Keystone candidate for Prothonotary and solicits the support of the voters of this county at the polls on Tuesday, November 7th. Mr. Isherwood has spent the greater part of his life in Bradford until four years ago when he was elected county treasurer on the Democratic ticket over A. F. Bannon, Sr. During his campaign and since he has held this office, Mr. Isherwood has become acquainted with a great many people in this county among whom he has made many warm friends who hope to see him elected. He has taken an active interest in the Democratic-Keystone fusion movement and has the hearty support of the leaders of this organization, together with many personal friends.

Owen Wister, one of America's greatest fiction writers, died on his ranch in Wyoming last Friday. His wife, who was attending the Federation of Women's clubs at Erie, took a special train when she learned of her husband's serious illness, but only reached Cleveland when the news of his death was broken to her. Mr. Wister had been in ill health for the past three years. Their home was in Philadelphia. Owen Wister was born in Philadelphia on July 14, 1860. He was educated at Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania, and matriculated from both institutions. Wister was a lawyer, but in 1891 took up literature and soon became famous as an author. Among his most widely circulated works were "The Virginian," "Lady Baltimore," and a biography of ex-President U. S. Grant.

"I verily believe that Senator La Follette will be the Republican nominee for President next year. I furthermore believe that he will be elected, and that the principles of Progressive Republicanism will be triumphantly vindicated," declared Senator Albert B. Cummins of Iowa, in New York last Friday night. The Senator, accompanied by Mrs. Cummins, is on his way to Panama to study first hand the progress of the canal work there. Upon his return he will prepare for the great work of careful investigation into the industrial and financial conditions of the country inaugurated by the Senate committee on interstate commerce on November 15. "I confidently look for vast good to come of the inquiry," said Senator Cummins. "We are going to make earnest efforts to find out what is the matter with the country."

Benjamin F. Starsky is one of the most capable of prothonotaries. He has had long experience in the routine duties of the office and although much is to be done in handling the immense amount of business passing through his hands, he always keeps abreast of it and by properly systematized methods is always in touch with every detail of his work. Mr. Starsky is a young man. He is energetic, industrious and careful. If the office held by him were that of a private concern and he were head clerk, he not only would be retained permanently, but would be promoted. The man who holds a position subject to political control finds that the matter of competence is not given the recognition it deserves. And this, it may now be stated, is one of the mistakes to be charged to our political system. When a man holding a clerical position, such as that of prothonotary, devotes his time and skill to his duties he should be free from the expense and annoyance of political contests in obtaining a continuance of his tenure of office. There should be some sort of civil service arrangement to protect him, but there is nothing of that kind and that is why Mr. Starsky and others holding like places, are forced to make campaign fights to retain their places for any considerable length of time.

If any person having business at court calls upon Mr. Starsky to learn about some matter in which he is interested, he will always find "Ben" within reach and the facts desired are at once forthcoming. He aims to serve the public with the greatest efficiency possible and he is as willing to serve as he is efficient. These facts are known throughout the length and breadth of the county and they had a strong bearing at the primary election when he won the nomination without any special effort on his part to do so. When other candidates were out seeing the voters Ben Starsky was at his desk attending to his work. And in the balloting on November 7 next it is probable that a result of the same character will be achieved and that he will be re-elected.

By virtue of past service, all around ability and trustworthiness his re-election is fully deserved, very truthfully says the Bradford Era.

Associate Justice John Marshall Harlan, the oldest member of the Supreme Court of the United States, for years conspicuous in Kentucky politics, once candidate for the Republican nomination for vice-president of the United States, a foremost constitutional authority and prominent in the councils of the Presbyterian church, died at his home from pneumonia, in Washington, D. C., on Saturday last. He was 78 years old last June. Justice Harlan had been ill with acute bronchitis less than a week. He sat on the bench the Monday previous when the court heard arguments on the so-called anthracite coal trust case. The following morning Chief Justice White announced that Justice Harlan was "slightly ill" and Friday asked attorneys to consider that Justice Harlan was sitting in their cases although not physically present. Justice Harlan was in much more serious condition than his colleagues in the court realized.

Judge Harlan went on the Supreme bench in 1877, the successor of David Davis, who had been elected senator from Illinois, an election that involved a far greater election, and was decisive of the disputed succession of 1876. As a judge, Harlan has written many very important opinions, many of them dissenting, and perhaps the bench and bar of the English-speaking peoples would prefer to lose his concurring opinions rather than his dissenting, notably so in the case of the United States vs. Knight, construing the Sherman anti-trust law. The majority opinion emasculated the statute while Harlan sustained it. His dissenting opinion in the "insular" cases is an equally strong paper, and is highly commended by some of the first constitutional lawyers in the world. Other notable cases with which his name is inseparably linked are numerous, especially that declaring unconstitutional the Illinois statute exempting farmers and trade unions, that combined restraint of trade, from the pains and penalties denounced against corporations so offending.

Justice Harlan was very prominent in the public eye at the time of the Standard Oil and Tobacco trust cases. He wrote a long separate opinion in which he contended that the trusts should be dissolved at once. He also dissented from the other judges in the opinion that restraint of trade must be undue and unreasonable or characterized by intent of monopoly to come in the forbidden class of the Sherman anti-trust law.

His great ambition was to serve until next June, when he would have exceeded the service of any other man who sat on that bench. As it was his service was longer than that of any other except Chief Justice Marshall and Associate Justice Stephen J. Field. Field's was the longest service—34 years, six months and 10 days; Marshall's 34 years, five months and five days; Harlan's 33 years, 10 months and 25 days. His services did exceed that of Justice Story, who sat on the bench 33 years, 9 months, 22 days. These are the only justices who have served their country on the bench for more than a generation.

Justice Harlan left a widow and five children, four of the children were at his bedside. They included Interstate Commerce Commissioner James S. Harlan, John Maynard Harlan, of Chicago, and the Misses Laura and Ruth Harlan, who live at the Harlan residence in Washington. The third son, Rev. B. D. Harlan, formerly president of Lake Forest University, is touring Europe.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Captain J. F. Ellison, of Cincinnati, Ohio, secretary and treasurer of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress, will open his office shortly in this city, preparatory to the coming convention which is to be held in Washington early in December. This convention will, in all probability, be the last which Captain Ellison will be connected in an official capacity, as he plans to tender his resignation to become the head of the navigation department of the Port of Para Company which has headquarters in Paris and New York. Captain Ellison will be in command of the company's fleet of forty new steel steamers which will open up the Amazon river as it has never been, develop the greatest rubber producing fields and put the State of Bolivia on the map commercially. There is every reason to believe that the forthcoming convention of the National Rivers and Harbors Congress will be the most important ever held by this great organization of waterway enthusiasts and will very materially impress upon the nation's legislators the importance of enacting annual river and harbor bills to the end that some of the projects now under construction may be pushed to completion within designated spaces of time.

Something like thirty thousand miners are expected to be in Pittsburgh on the last day on this month, the greatest gathering of diggers and delvers in the earth, ever met in one place in this country, when President Taft visits that city on his way back to the national capitol from his western trip. A notable feature of the occasion will be a demonstration under the auspices of the United States Bureau of Mines, the American Red Cross and the Pittsburgh Coal Operators' Association.

Considerable discussion was indulged in by delegates to the German-American Alliance, meeting here the past week, and showing in its personnel a fine body of substantial American citizens, concerning prohibition and kindred questions. The organization adopted a resolution to the effect that prohibition is an interference with personal liberty, and, discussing the evil of intemperance, declared that the most efficacious means of combatting it was the cultivation of the anti-treat habit. Members pledged themselves to wear buttons so declaring themselves. St. Louis gets the next convention.

Dr. Harvey Wiley, chief of the chemistry bureau, Department of Agriculture, is back on his job in Washington, apparently with highly agreeable remembrances of his recent vacation and vindication. His next appearance in public will be at Louisville, Ky., where he is to make an address in which he will devote attention to the important part American women may play in the enforcement of the pure food laws. His charming and sympathetic wife has already pronounced herself publicly and forcefully for a women's movement against unclean grocer, and meat shops.

The death of Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York, removes one of the veterans of service with the National Republican committee. Mr. Bliss served as treasurer of the committee in the campaigns of 1888 and 1892. The oldest member in length of service and in years is General Powell Clayton, of Arkansas, the next in length of service being former Senator Nathan Bay Scott, of West Virginia.

With the beginning of the October term of the Supreme Court and a few of the department chiefs returning from their summer resorts, the national capital is resuming its wonted animation, and the hotels are registering guests from all parts of the country.

THE DEGREE ON REBEKAH.

(Continued from Page 1.)

gentleness and purity, so befitting a pure minded noble woman, its example prompting us to go forth like the dove on our mission of love and mercy, ever bearing our olive branch of peace. Fourth, the lily: For ages the lily has been regarded as the emblem of purity, as it springs from the ground with no stain upon its snow-white petals, so should our lives and thoughts be—stainless—giving to all with whom we associate an example of purity to aid them in their walk through life. Even in this limited survey of the Rebekah work a studious and reflecting mind will recognize many elevating and purifying influences, which to the memory of its author will stand as a "memorial stone" in the mighty temple of Odd Fellowship as long as time exists and in the hearts of grateful wives, mothers and daughters. He has passed into the Silent Land, and the white marble which gleams coldly above his lowly resting place, proves to the world that his virtues are enshrined in the hearts of the multitude, and the silent tears, those grateful tributes which price cannot estimate, will glisten and shine as "stars in the crown of his rejoicing." Lives such as his weave their own unfading laurels and build their own beautiful "monument of memory." Is it more than a fitting tribute to this great and good man, who so calmly laid aside his life's work and passed from our midst, that we rever his memory; that we cherish his virtues and more than all that we elevate the work which he has placed in our hands? That we keep its fair name unblemished, its purity unsullied, its beauty unblemished, and that as the "rising star" approaches its zenith, it may shine with even more brilliant luster in good works, that its brightness may never grow dim nor its beauty decline, but that it may even amid the darkness of night point to the Bethlehem of hope and love.

MRS. GEO. HOWE, N. G.

VACATION TIME

Perhaps you need a Trunk or Traveling Bag. We have the Best in the world, the celebrated Liskly Rochester Baggage, and a complete assortment of matting and rattan cases. Cool shirts and underwear; also Hosiery and Neckwear—Just received a new stock. We have six weeks yet for Straw Hat wear; a good assortment to chose from.

ONE-HALF PRICE

Great Big Reductions on all our Men's, Youths, and Boys' Summer Suits. A nice lot of them on hand, and all new this season.

We are showing quite a number of styles in Fall Hats.

IKE SIMONS

Big Double Clothing House

52-54 Main Street

Bradford, Pa.

H. W. RUBIN

John B. Stetson Soft and Stiff Hats $3.50 to $5.00 at H. W. RUBIN'S

COUGH SYRUP

Get a bottle for that cough of yours. We have it, and we have the best that can be obtained anywhere. Price per bottle 10c, 25c and 50c. We also carry a full line of drugs. Special attention given to perscriptions.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

THIS MAY BE THE FARM YOU ARE LOOKING FOR.

Splendid Small Dairy and Poultry Farm Near Trolley.

We offer for sale a level farm of 12 1-2 acres, located 1 1-4 miles from Portville, N. Y., on main road to Eldred, 1-4 mile from trolley and macadamized road. Soil is mellow and rich, can grow alfalfa. Good house of 8 rooms, new gambrel roof barn, fine shade and fruit trees. Three driven wells, fine water. Beautiful lawn and flower beds. Nice patch strawberries. Buildings insured for $1,800. Owner going west. Will sell for only $2,250. Terms $1,000 cash, easy payments for balance. Would make ideal small dairy and poultry farm. If you are interested you will have to act quick.

BRANCH OFFICE BOLIVAR, N. Y.

Herrick Agency

306 Masonic Temple. Both Phones.

OLEAN, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

STOVES

I have just received one of the most complete lines of heating stoves, large and small, ever shown in the town.

Come in and look them over, you will be sure to find just what you are looking for.

E. W. STRONG

HERALDS OF AUTUMN

are here, bearing new Fall styles in fine footwear for us and for you. We want you to drop in and try on a few pairs and see how swell and perfect fitting they are on your feet. All the latest lasts, leathers and trimmings—for men, women and children. Prices right, of course.

—AT—

ANDERSON & CARLSON'S,

Smethport, Pennsylvania.

AUTOMOBILE TIRE REPAIRING

in all its branches, done on short notice and at reasonable prices. (All work guaranteed)

Smethport Inner Tubes

are guaranteed to give satisfaction, SMETHPORT RELINERS will give you 1000 to 2000 more mileage from OLD CASINGS.

A Full Line of Sundries in Stock

—Write us for Prices—

SMETHPORT RUBBER CO.,

SMETHPORT, PA.

The Lindholm Company

LAST CALL TO THE CLEAN SWEEP SALE. CLOSES SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28th.

Don't fail to get your share of the great bargains now on sale. There is danger in delay. Profits lost and a slice of the cost on many things. Eight more days and it will be too late to get your share at these prices.

MEN'S AND BOYS' CAPS

A large assortment, regular price 30 to 50 cents, ...clean sweep price **$0.19**

ALL CARPETS AND RUGS

All wool extra super ingrain, regular price 75c per yard .....clean sweep price .62

Union ingrain, half cotton and half wool, regular price 45c .....clean sweep price .25

All wool stair ingrain carpet, regular price 55 and 58c per yard .....clean sweep price .43

RUGS

9x12, in best Wilton Velvet, handsome pattern, regular price $45.00 .....clean sweep price **$37.50**

9x12, best Body Brussels, regular price $35.00 .....clean sweep price 28.00

9x12 in best Tapestry and Axminster rugs, regular price $25.00 .....clean sweep price 19.75

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.

All $1.00 Shirts .....clean sweep price .79
All 50c Shirts .....clean sweep price .39
All 50c Neckties .....clean sweep price .39
All 25c Neckties .....clean sweep price .19
All $1.75 Kid Gloves .....clean sweep price 1.48
All $1.50 Kid Gloves .....clean sweep price 1.19
All $1.25 Kid Gloves .....clean sweep price .98
All Work Mittens .....**One-Third off regular price**
A few 50-cent Caps .....clean sweep price .19
All Lace Curtains .....**25 per cent. off regular price**
All Linen Lace, per yard .....clean sweep price .05
Apron Gingham, regular price 7 cents, clean sweep price .06
Challie and Calico .....clean sweep price .04¾
Ladies' warm Gloves, 25c and 35c .....clean sweep price .19
Ladies' warm Gloves, 50c .....clean sweep price .39

NO GOODS CHARGED EXCEPT AT REGULAR PRICES.

The Lindholm Co.

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

SPECIAL SALE

on Friday, Oct. 20

at

DALY & GARLICK'S

Hardware

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 19, 1911.

—Mrs. Jacob Gonia entertained at six o'clock dinner Friday

—Born to Mr and Mrs Stanley Harris, on Sunday, Oct. 15, 1911, a boy

—A number of friends gave a surprise party for Mrs Louis Kenyon last evening.

—Wednesday, November 1, is the day on which the open season for partridges and rabbits open

—Mrs John Saulpaugh entertained a party of ladies at bridge whist at her home Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. H H Redfield entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street last evening.

—The Misses Rubin entertained the Bridge Whist Club at their home on King street last Thursday afternoon.

—The local Austin relief committee wish to acknowledge and tender thanks for subscriptions from Ormsby, Colegrove and Crosby.

—Ward Raymer has removed the goods he was able to save out of his wrecked home in Austin to this place and will make his home here for the present.

—One day this week Joseph Mundy picked up a pocket book containing quite a sum of money He found the owner, a young lady, and returned the same to her.

—The Young Men's Social Club of Norwich will give a masquerade ball Hallowe'en, Monday, Oct 30. Good music has been secured and all are invited to attend.

—Leslie Dowdy and Orrin Halfwhite, the two Indians charged with burglary, escaped from the Warren county jail last Thursday night Thus far they have not been found.

—Crystal, the nine-year-old daughter of Mr and Mrs Alex Cunningham, of East Smethport, who was taken ill with diphtheria last week, is getting along nicely and is now considered out of danger.

—Mrs. G. W Campbell entertained a number of young ladies at a six o'clock dinner Friday in honor of her daughter, Violet's, birthday Her friends presented her with a very pretty pearl ring

—A pleasant surprise party was given Miss Bessie Engstrom at her home Thursday evening by about thirty-five of her lady friends. She was presented with a beautiful chafing dish which was a very pleasant reminder of her birthday.

—Capt and Mrs George H. Hyde of Ridgway, Mrs. Frank Copeland of Kane and Chauffeur Robert Jeffries have recently returned home from an automobile trip from Reno, Nevada, a distance of about 3500 miles. They report a very enjoyable journey.

—Mr. and Mrs J. G. Chase of New York arrived in town on Monday and will make their home here Mr. Chase has accepted a position as advertising manager for The Scott F. Redfield Company and will have charge of that department of The Boys' Magazine

—Victor Engstrom is quite ill at the home of his sister, Mrs Sandford Bloomburg He was taken suddenly ill at his rooms over the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co Tuesday morning and for a time it was thought that he was going to have pneumonia, but his doctor thinks that will be averted.

—The Backus Novelty Company has recently received an order for a complete set of dies and 2500 electric heaters from the Cadillac Electrical Company of Cadillac, Mich. This is a rush order and the force of the Backus Novelty Co. will be obliged to work overtime for a while

—Last night burglars entered the home of S. M. Selbert taking from his room his trousers in the pockets of which was $65 00. Mr. Selbert was awakened and from the window saw a man in the darkness leaning against the house He shot at him, but in his excitement went far of the mark—Coudersport Enterprise

—Payson Bard, of Port Allegany, who lost his arm at the shoulder in an automobile accident near Gowanda, N. Y., a few weeks ago, is so far recovered that he is able to be out and last Monday he was seen driving an automobile on the streets of Port Allegany This is pleasing news to his many friends in Smethport.

—The body of little Chester Parker who a week ago last Monday morning was drowned in the Allegheny river at a point opposite Fifth street, Olean, was found about 10:15 o'clock Friday morning near the south bank of the river about opposite the Park hotel in Allegheny, about three miles and a half below where the accident occurred

—Patrick Keefe of this place was taken to Bradford last Sunday in S F Redfield's automobile where he entered the hospital and underwent an operation for appendicitis Dr Benjingham performing the operation His case was a very serious one but he withstood the shock very well and the reports are to the effect that he is on the road to complete recovery.

—Joseph Blowden, a negro, was sentenced by the Blair county court to pay a fine of $2,000 and serve a term of 22 years in the penitentiary for an assault upon Mrs Katherine Perkins of Altoona, Pa The negro broke into the cellar of the Perkins home a week ago and lay in wait for the woman After accomplishing his purpose he kicked her into insensibility.

The members of the Austin relief committee who have been soliciting cash subscriptions in this place held a meeting at the Central Club Tuesday evening. The report showed that about $170 had been subscribed. A full list will be published in our next issue If anyone has been missed who wishes to subscribe he can do so by calling at either of the banks or at this office

—One of the saddest events that has occurred in Harrison Valley came to pass last Monday afternoon when Kenneth, the five-year-old son of Rev. and Mrs. Jacob Hann, dropped dead on the school house grounds, about 1 o'clock as he had just returned from his dinner. His parents had been warned by the doctors that just what happened might occur at any time—Potter Democrat

—Last Friday evening about thirty friends of Mr. and Mrs O T. Chase surprised them at their home, the occasion being the thirty ninth return of their wedding day As the lunch was served Mr. and Mrs Chase were served to some beautiful pieces of cut glass, as a token of regard and esteem After a very pleasant evening all went away hoping that they might all be privileged to meet with them on many more anniversaries.

—Albert Johnson, who resides in the vicinity of the Nusbaum Chemical works, left Friday morning for Pittsburgh and from that city will go to New York to witness the world's series of baseball games Mr Johnson is one of 25 contestants for a prize offered in a circulation contest by the Pittsburgh Post His hotel expenses, railroad fare, and admission to the entire series of games will be furnished by the newspaper—Bradford Era.

—Among the baseball gossip we find the following A friend of Baker who lives in Baltimore and who is a rabid Giant rooter bet Baker $500 to $250 that the clouter would not get a home run off the Giant pitchers. After Baker picked the "fast straight one inside" off Marquard, this friend agreed to bet right back on the same proposition and Baker let the bet ride, consequently his second blow, the heart breaker for Matty, was good for $1,000. Baker agreed to make it $2,000 or nothing, but the friend declined.

—Ephriam Smith, a veteran of the Civil war, was found in his rooms at East Smethport last Sunday morning in a helpless and speechless condition. At first it was thought that he had suffered from a stroke of paralysis and he was taken to the County Home However, he rallied on Monday and continues to improve Dr. Ostrander, the physician at the County Home, says he does not think he was stricken with paralysis and he expects to see him as well as ever in a few days.

—The No 6 well of the South Penn Oil Company, which is the fifth one drilled by this company on their lease west of town, was shot last Monday and promises to be good for about 12 or 15 barrels per day The No 5 will be drilled in in a short time. This well more definitely defines the new oil belt, and drilling will continue in a westerly direction. It is again rumored that a pipe line will be laid into this field in the near future and every new paying well makes the pipe line more certain.

—Troopers of the State constabulary and a posse of farmers are searching the hills near Butler, Pa, for two negroes who attacked Mrs. Thomas Watson in her home yesterday. When she recovered consciousness she heard them in the house searching for valuables Seizing a shotgun she fired twice, wounding one negro who was assisted to escape by the other. She fainted and when she revived went to the house of a neighbor who summoned the troopers—Thursday's Kane Republican.

—Saturday's Bradford Star-Record says. The grocery store of J. C. Hill, located on Congress street, was entered by burglars last night. The front door was forced and $1.50 in cash stolen from the cash register. An attempt was made to open the safe by drilling. It is evident, that the burglars were frightened away from their job, as a brace and bit and a hammer were found in the store this morning. The safe door showed indications of an attempt to drill through the steel. Mr. Hill lives in a dwelling adjoining the store and at an early hour this morning heard an unusual sound, but paid no attention He had not the slightest idea that burglars were working in his store It is believed that the work was attempted by amateurs

—The following dispatch dated Boston, Oct 17, is of local interest as the Miss Winifred Roeder mentioned is a daughter of Mr and Mrs. Henry W. Roeder of Farmers Valley The situation in Han Yang Hu Peh Province where the Chinese revolutionists have already captured the Government arsenal has become so threatening that the missionaries attached to the stations of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society have been obliged to leave the city The news of the missionaries' withdrawal from Han Yang was received in a cablegram from Shanghai, received today at the headquarters of the society in this city These names are those of three young women attached to the Han Yang mission station, Miss L. Jennie Crawford, of Lexington, Mass, and Miss Winifred W. Roeder and Miss Jennie L. Cody, both of Pennsylvania

—Friday's Kane Republican says. Yesterday afternoon five Gypsy families and as many wagons, including many little children poorly clad and most of them barefooted, arrived in Kane and stopped on the south side of the Pennsylvania railroad tracks opposite the depot. Soon after their arrival here Oscar Reed reported to Chief of Police Ives that one of the women in the tribe had swindled him out of $40 while in Mt. Jewett, consequently the woman was placed under arrest and was taken to Justice Gillis' office where a hearing was had, and from the evidence given there it was a mixed up affair with a little comedy on the side in as much as Mr. Reed had lost his money while permitting the woman to do a "sleight of hand act" with the pocket-book However the matter was settled by the woman finally handing over the money and paying the costs of suit. The gypsies were ordered to leave town and started on their way about 3 o'clock

DIVORCES GRANTED.

Judge Bouton granted the following divorces at Argument court Tuesday afternoon:

Vallie Baker from Ernest Baker.

Bertha McEachern from John H. McEachern.

Axel L. Engstrom from Bessie Engstrom.

Chauncey Rook from Ruth Rook.

Harry S Moseley from Grace Moseley

Iowa B Lily from James S. Lily.

Advertise in The Miner.

Open Every Evening

until 8 o'clock, Saturday until 10 p. m. With our brightly lighted store, you can select a

"Frankel Fifteen"

as easily at night as during the day. Even if you don't buy any of these elegant tailored,

All Wool

$15.00 Suits or Overcoats, you are welcome to look.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE

Ladies Home Journal Patterns Olivette Shirts

FRY & COMES

THE STORE THAT SELLS "WOOLTEX"

Store closed at 6 p. m, except Monday and Saturday on these days at 3 p. m. and 10 p. m respectively.

Furs For 1911-12

This week we place on sale a superb new stock of FUR COATS, SCARFS, and MUFFS embodying the most favored skins and the latest fashion tendencies.

In addition to Lynx, Mink, Squirrel, Pony etc., Natural Raccoon is becoming a favorite with good dressers, and some very handsome fur pieces are made from the pelts of this animal.

We buy direct from the makers and at a consevuence offer you reliable furs at the lowest possible price.

Scarfs $1.50 to $37.50
Muffs $2.75 to $22.50
Coats $25.00 to $75.00

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Smethport - - - - - - Penna.

A FAINTING SPELL

or when you are overcome by heat or exhaustion is when a little good whiskey or brandy shows how valuable it is as a restorative and heart stimulant. "Smelling salts" isn't "in it" with pure whiskey or brandy, such as you can always secure for medicinal purposes at

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Wholesale Liquors,

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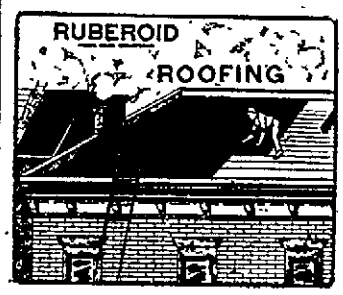

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

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LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

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NIGHT SERVICE

First-class mechanics only in our

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Supplies all kinds in stock; Batteries re-charged.
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BACKUS NOVELTY COMPANY

Water St., - - - - Smethport, Pa.

PHONE 7 **BROWNELL'S** PHONE 7

We have just received a fresh shipment of Faxon, Williams & Faxon's cookies. Come in and try them. Once Faxons' goods, always Faxon's goods.

From now on, throughout the summer and early fall we will have fresh green goods. Take a look at them and be convinced.

F. W. BROWNELL

You get Better Values Here

A Turn of the Earth.

A Case of a Modern Miracle.

By JEFFERSON PORT

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It was a desolate country which Clarence Ives was traversing with lagging feet Six weeks before he had started from Ensenada with two pack mules and a prospecting outfit Now the mules were heaps of bleaching bones among the rugged Lower California hills, and the vultures had sailed away to other banquets Ives wondered if they would come back to quarrel over his remains before long

Ahead of him was a Golconda of riches—of course' Had not that half breed Mexican, Felipe Ordero, filled his ears with tales of the gold to be picked up in that canyon down in Lower California? True it was that Felipe had not been to the country beyond Ensenada, but his story sounded reasonable, and he had substantiated his assertions with a rude map of the country which had descended to him from his grandfather who had been a man of many adventures

Ives wished success in this adventure He had been the owner of a prosperous vineyard and had lost his years crop by a mysterious fire which had swept down and obliterated every vine on his acres There was a mortgage on his ranch and it was held by the man who could gather he wanted to marry

If you can pull yourself out of this hole Clarence Norman Royce said grimly I'll be entitled to ornate blossoms and you can call me the pride If you can't pluck I what's the use of ever marrying Cora now and entangling her in the meshes of your difficulties

Clarence Ives had thrust out his determined chin and informed Papa Royce that on and from that date he would call upon him to deliver Cora to his arms In the meantime he shut up his ranch house and went well to his pretty Dora's sweetheart and set forth on this expedition into Lower California after a long wild ride through a well uninhabited country under charge by a man who's greatest assets were youth and courage and the love of a woman

The mules one after the other had each broken a leg among the crevices of the foothills That was why Clarence was trudging along weary spirit less with now and then a reference to the old map he had received from the half breed

Near nightfall he came to the entrance of a rock cañon Sparsely chestnuts and live oaks clothed the ruin of the cañon sides Across one end a small stream of sweet pure water ran and down which I ran the rocks Near the stream was a patch of green grass and here Clarence made his little camp

After supper he compared his map with the cañon and grew dizzy when he realized that this must indeed be the treasure house of which Felipe had told him To verify this belief he scanned the bed rock but found no sure sign of the spring and was about to give it up when he found a little rivulet which ran into the stream from a crevice in the rocks

Clarence made his way through the grove of live oaks and was once more on a cert[ain] trail when it occurred to him that night was drawing in and he must make camp until morning So he rol[led] into the nut grove ate a scanty [meal] threw himself on the warm [ground] went to sleep sore at heart and [with] all the whole world

Before dawn that he was awakened by a rocking motion and the mules were excitedly among the trees; the gray of coming day was in the sky, and something else something strangely electric—was shaking the earth beneath him until he staggered to his feet sick and dizzy with the motion

He heard the crash of rocks in the canyon below, he heard strange rumblings beneath him and that which he had thought was solid earth suddenly heaved upward and threw him together with the little nut grove slipping and tumbling and finally crashing down the sides of the rocks canyon

The rocks of the canyon had heaved and ground themselves together into new shapes and when Clarence fell among them his body was cradled among the thick branches of the trees that had fallen with him, and altogether were wedged among a new formation of rocks near the little stream Consciousness left him at this time

When he awoke it was high noon and the sun poured fiercely on his unsheltered face He moved and found that beyond severe bruises he was unharmed He climbed out of the labyrinth of twisted branches and looked about him at a strangely transformed canyon The earthquake had riven the earth in a dozen places, had tossed huge rocks aside as if they were the merest pebbles had diverted the little stream in a new bed.

Clarence Ives stared and stared again at the place where the huge beetling rock had stood guard over the head of the stream The rock with the serpent carved upon it had tumbled over, disclosing beneath it a deep indentation of the earth Here something glittered in the rays of the sun and Clarence scrambled over rocks and trees until he hung breathlessly over this storehouse of golden treasure

Nuggets of pure gold rubbed smooth by the grinding process of water and rock were packed here Nature had opened her storehouse for him after all, and she was a liberal dame when she chose to give bounty Every hollow filled one of his empty ears of food sacks with the precious lumps, and when not one remained in the cavity, he turned away, satisfied a fortune was his

Then in the canyon torn and ripped with the effects of the earthquake the mountains lifting all its trees and cave chasms to the one who had disturbed the earth to open for him to reveal the wealth it was richer than those which he had read about in the book

He was to witness still greater miracle before he left the canyon He had secured his bags of precious metal and had searched for and discovered his provisions which had slipped down the canyon walls with him in the shock of the quake and he was just leaving the canyon for the second time when once more the earth trembled

The rocks ground together the trees shivered and then as earlier that day there was a violent tearing sound and he saw the earth beneath the recumbent serpent rock burst upward and precipitate the rock back into its former bed from which he had rescued his golden store After a few faint shiverings the earth ceased turning in her bed and was still

Awed by what he had seen Ives struck the brawn and it all witnessing many evidences of the disturbance he made his way toward Ensenada His progress was slow on account of the weight of gold and he was wary of wandering prospectors or straying bands of half breeds but he had little to fear for the earth shocks had driven them panic stricken into the town

Then one afternoon as he neared the last few miles before he should reach Ensenada and a semblance of civilization he saw coming toward him a little party mounted on wiry horses He scanned them closely wondering at their identity hoping he might be able to purchase additions to his depleted store of food

They came within range of recognition First he recognized Felipe Ordero's sloping shoulders over which curled a streamer of cigarette smoke then the large, bulky form of Norman Royce red complexioned gray haired anxious eyed until he saw the worn face of the pedestrian Behind Norman Royce rode a girl, her pale face shaded by a large felt hat

"Ah the Senor Ives!" ejaculated Felipe and he felt back to permit Norman and his daughter to see the young prospector

Good heavens boy you are safe! I'm thankful to see you alive!" burst forth Norman as he dismounted and grasped the hand of the amazed prospector "We read about the earthquake and that it was reported a great many miners had been entombed Well of course we didn't know where you were then you were so secretive but Felipe here came to me and told me of your search after his grandfather's gold mine and Cora gave me no peace until I consented to come down here to Lower California and die von our He laughed with tears in his eyes

"Father" cried Cora who was holding the other hand of her lover, it was your own suggestion You blamed yourself for driving Clarence away on a wild goose chase for a fortune when you wanted him to stay right there"

"Well admitted the older man, "we've got him Now Clarence you come back to the ranch and take hold with me I'll get that carload of orange blossoms and Cora seems willing to take a chance on your future success"

Clarence thrust one hand deep in his treasure bag and tossed a golden nugget into Felipe's astonished hands Then he handed the bag to his future father in-law

"I went on a wild goose chase, all right he grinned, "and I found the wild goose and the nest where she had laid the golden eggs"

SCHOOLS IN CHINA

They Have Curious and Strenuous Methods of Teaching.

AMAZING FEATS OF MEMORY.

For Years the Pupils Are Kept 'Getting by Heart' Books of Which They Have No Understanding After Which Comes the Explanation.

A Chinese schoolboy sets off one fine morning when seven or eight years old to enter on his instructional course He makes the most profound obeisance to his teacher His parents provide the table at which and the stool on which he sits They also supply the "four precious articles, the ink slab, the ink cake, the pen or brush for writing and the paper

He will have no need at first of the writing materials, all his time being employed in memorising the books given him Perhaps a dozen boys, each a class by himself, are busy on his entry Each is shouting his task at the top of his voice the teacher sitting at his table in all the somnolent wakefulness of a judge No wrong pronunciation or intonation escapes his practiced ear and correction is frequent

It is a simple country house with its earthen floor, its unglazed windows and its air of utter poverty Our young hopeful, says the National Review in due time is introduced to the "Trimetrical Classic and the questionable statement which forms its very threshold that men at birth are radically good' so set in classical form that he has no more idea of its meaning than if it were in Greek It is not meaning, however first is the object just now but sound and memorizing

Then he will be introduced to the book of surnames [illegible] number as another over [illegible] getting by heart" after which in parts of the land the Thousand Character Classic is set This is a book consisting of the number of characters named in a set of which is ever used twice set forth in [illegible] Until our youth is getting he might [illegible] with equal profit memorize a number of auction catalogues He is given in varying order, according to the custom followed by his teacher the four sacred books—the Great Learning also known as The Door of Virtue the Analects of Confucius the Doctrine of the Mean' and the Book of Mencius

As early as thirteen it may be he will have done the memory work of the four books and be capable of reeling off yards rods furlongs or miles of learning Then enlightenment in the form of explanation begins Darkness is made visible and education may be said to have begun There is wearisome work in sight now

As if the books themselves were not of sufficient difficulty there are endless commentaries after the fashion of our own on the Bible or Shakespeare The Great Learning provides illustrations of virtue aims at the constant renewal of good and so at the attainment of the highest excellence Its ideal is a righteous government over a tranquil and happy people The Doctrine of the Mean' is more strictly individualistic Correct conduct in every stage of life is its subject

The chief competitive examinations are three in number The first for the Situsai or B A degree is held at the prefectural city the second the Kujen or M A at the provincial capital and the third the Tsinshi or LL D at Peking In one or other of these the clever youth whose career we are following may possibly find himself in a peculiar position as competitor with his own father or even his grandfather who with more perseverance than luck or brains keeps 'pegging away' year after year till success arrives—or death

Many are the attempts at trickery cribbing bribery or whatever may bring the candidate sufficiently near the top to be one of the favored few who "pass, the percentage of these being fractionally small at times. To guard against fraud there are precautions such as could never have been suggested in the west

Every candidate has his own little cell in which he works during the days of the examination Not a few die under the ordeal "Any essay is good which gives a man his M A' says the proverb, and "if one comes out first on the dragon list there is a chance within ten years of being in the Phoenix pool" which being interpreted means that he who heads the M A list is likely by and by to become a Hanlin So indeed it happens to our young hopeful now arrived at years of much discretion He even becomes the Shuing Yuan of his year the Laureate or senior classic, as he might be named in the west

Whereupon on his return to his native province he is received with the highest honors from the highest people the viceroy leading, and then a curious thing happens. Many of the people of the province having the same surname apply for the honor of being permitted to worship at the ancestral hall of the successful genius and accompany their appeals with valuable persuasives They thus establish a claim to relationship with the amiable desire of having a friend at court —New York Sun

When a man is no longer anxious to do better than well he is done for—B R. Haydon

Human life is more governed by fortune than by reason —Hume.

Fair Play

Ann Elizabeth Turns Things About.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The journey down in the train had been one of mingled pleasure and pain to Ann Elizabeth Clark There was pleasure in contemplating how nice she would look in the new suit which Artemus had promised her, there was positive suffering in the mental suggestion that she might have to ask him for the money with which to pay the bill

They had left Springbrook on the 6:02 train after an early breakfast, and all the way to the station in the rocking, careening old stage Ann Elizabeth had hoped that her husband would reach down into his hip pocket and bring forth the fat brown wallet in which he kept his money It would be such a little thing for him to do—to count out the necessary money from the roll of bills and give it to her that she might feel the satisfaction of possessing the money for a short time, for Artemus Clark was a man who paid all his wife's bills and Ann Elizabeth was one of those unfortunate wives who never have a cent of spending money without asking for it As she was too proud to beg for what she considered rightfully her own share of the family income Ann Elizabeth went without many things until Artemus, ashamed of her shabbiness and in his heart knowing her reluctance to ask for money at last made the suggestion that they journey to the city and purchase a suit for Ann Elizabeth

Not a word about money had Artemus uttered during the stage ride in the train but sometime about in his newspaper and so Ann Elizabeth sat growing [illegible] every moment until at last they rolled into the Central station Half the pleasure of the journey was lost in the fact that Artemus had forgotten to give her the money for her purchases and she must ask him after all And Artemus meant to be the kindest of husbands Ann Elizabeth should believe that

There was a particular store that the Clarks always did at when in New York, and to this emporium the surface car Artemus talked of this and that and the other thing in the most careless manner but not once did he mention the money for her suit Ann Elizabeth remembered a horrible experience she had once had when her bust and had gone away and forgotten to give her any money and left her standing penniless in one of the shops surrounded by a heap of unpaid for purchases Several hours afterward he had found her there waiting dejectedly for his return

Here we are' announced Artemus shouldering his way out of the car and helping his little wife to alight. 'Now Ann Elizabeth I don't see why you can't pick out a suit—get just what you want, and it will please me I'm going to take the next car down to Triangle's to see about a new harness Suppose you meet me there at noon and we'll go somewhere for dinner He was moving away carelessly when Ann Elizabeth clutched desperately at his coat sleeve

Oh, Artemus haven't you forgotten something she faltered Surely he would recollect now'

Her husband looked down from his six feet of handsome good naturedness and smiled. I don't recollect, Ann, what is it?'

Ann Elizabeth's sensitive face flushed painfully and her gray eyes darkened until they seemed almost black. She swallowed her pride and said humbly, "You forgot to give me the money for my suit, Artemus."

Artemus flung back his head and laughed heartily "Bless my soul, so I did' Why didn't you ask me before eh?"

Then it was that Ann Elizabeth Clark realized that her husband had kept her waiting purposely, it had amused him to tease her—she who had not had a new suit in three years' The tears came into her eyes and she turned away proudly How she would love to throw his money back into his hands!

'I was only having a little fun Ann" he laughed softly, as he pulled out his wallet and gave to her generously from it. 'There get what you want Remember you can always have what you want if you ask for it

A curious look came into Ann's eyes She held the roll of bills above the ground and looked down Speak Fido' That's what you mean, don't you Artemus"

Artemus reddened uncomfortably Oh now Ann you take it too seriously I didn't mean to be unkind We've been married ten years, and yet you act just as bashful about asking me for money as you did in the beginning Don't mind my teasing Will you meet me at Triangle's at noon?"

"Yes," said Ann coldly turning away and entering the shop She was too much overcome by the little scene to take much pleasure in the selection of her new suit, but dominating any possible satisfaction in the purchase there was a growing feeling of resentment toward her husband To such proportions did her displeasure arise that she deliberately purchased a most becoming coat and skirt of rich dark blue, with a velvet hat to match although dark blue was Artemus Clark's especial abhorrence

For several days after this trip to the city Ann Elizabeth Clark was very thoughtful She moved about her pretty little home with grave gray eyes and occasionally she smiled demurely or again the tears came unbidden to her lashes Artemus busied about the farm and attending to the manifold duties connected with it did not observe the change in his wife

One night he came in to sup tired and hungry The kitchen was immaculately clean a bright coal fire glowed in the stove, and the kettle sang softly There was no sign of supper, although it was fifteen minutes past the usual hour The dining room table was not even laid for the evening meal, while Ann Elizabeth sat in the sitting room embroidering a center piece with daintily placed stitches

'What's the matter?' demanded Artemus, in surprise "Had company?"

'No Why?" Ann looked up pleasantly

'Nothing only I thought it was funny supper wasn't ready" said Artemus rather grumblingly

Why, you can have it now if you want it' Ann spoke in a surprised tone just as if Artemus request was what she had been waiting for She bustled about the rooms, while her husband lounged near the lamp reading the paper

'What you got' he asked hungrily as he came in response to her call 'Ham and eggs pears and cake I was hoping you'd fry some parsnips You know I can never get enough of them he said in a disappointed tone

"Would you like some parsnips' Why didn't you ask me? returned Ann briskly I'll fry some at once She flitted into the kitchen, and soon the sputtering brown slices were placed before her husband.

Artemus ate his supper in silence There was something peculiar about his wife's demeanor that he could not understand

He watched Ann furtively as she flew about doing up the evening's work At last she came and sat down near him to work on her embroidery once more Artemus looked at it reasonably almost jealously She had told him it was to be a wedding present for Jessie Peale and Miss Peale was to marry one of Ann Elizabeth's old admirers

From these facts Artemus deducted that while his wife still had a contrivance to adorn the further knee of one of her old lovers he (Artemus her husband) sat before her with a large hole in the toe of his sock

But Ann Elizabeth was absorbed in her needlework and did not notice that Artemus had worked off his slipper and that the hole in his sock was painfully in evidence At last he spoke rather crossly

'Seems as if you might find time to mend my clothes

Why I do mend them Art What is it now Ann looked at him with lifted brows

That reconciled Artemus wriggling the peeling toe It's confounded uncomfortable I tell you

It hurts he said Ann sympathetically Want me to mend it

If you please' said Artemus meekly

When he reached his bedroom door that night Mr Clark stared uncomprehendingly at the disorder that met his gaze The bed was just as he had left it that morning untidy unmade His clothes were strewn about, and there was a general air of neglect over the place that was very disheartening to a man who had slaved all day and who had waited for the last hour in pleasant anticipation of the comfortable rest that awaited his weary body

He stepped to the door of his wife's room and looked in All was in apple pie order immaculately clean with the white dimity spread turned down from the inviting bed Ann stood before the window letting down her shower of yellow hair Artemus hesitated for a moment. He wondered if Ann had been too busy or tired to make his bed, and yet she had never found it a trying task before

Suddenly Ann turned and saw him there hesitating 'Did you want anything, Artemus?" she asked pleasantly

"My bed," replied her husband. I guess you forgot it, Ann It isn't made'

"I'll make it now," said Ann without surprise or apology passing into his room With a few deft movements she went to and fro picking up things, replacing them in wardrobe or dresser making the bed into a comfortable couch

"Much obliged" said Artemus awkwardly

'You're welcome' said Ann cheerfully 'Whenever you want anything, Art just ask for it and I'll do anything you want Be sure and ask me Good night'

Artemus lay in puzzled wakefulness for several hours At last he broke into sudden soft laughter 'Cute" he chuckled to himself "Cunning as the dickens I declare if it isn't one on me''

At breakfast next morning Artemus suddenly threw a bombshell into the conversation. 'How would you like to have a weekly allowance Ann?" he asked. "I mean some money every week of your own to spend as you please without asking anybody—eh?'

Ann Elizabeth came around the table and encircled her husband's head with tender arms. You are the best husband in the world, Artemus," she said solemnly

"You mean the husband of the best wife in the world," corrected Artemus.

They looked into each other's eyes and smiled with perfect understanding Thus ended another one of the world's bloodless battles.

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JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

A Contemptible Trick.

Showing That There Are More Ways Than One of Interfering With a Woman's Intentions.

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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Left an orphan when I was a very little girl, I was brought up by a maiden aunt, a woman of considerable brain and will power. I had hardly been settled in her house before she laid out a course for me to pursue.

"I shall give you a good education," she said, "and an education is a foundation on which a woman may build a career as well as a man. I'm not going to educate you that you may occupy a subordinate position in some man's office; not going to make a stenographer of you to take down some man's dictation—no man ever dictated to me. I shall give you a profession. But when you have been graduated I shall expect you to practice. It is not my intention to spend money on you to be thrown away. I don't propose that after giving you a profession some man shall come along, talk a lot of nonsense to you and cajole all I have spent on you abortive. If a woman is a fool to be a lawyer or a doctor she must begin by putting all notions of love and marriage out of her head."

Considering that my aunt made this announcement to me when I was but two years old, it is not to be supposed that I took any other impression on me than that I was to follow the path she laid down for me. It evidently did not occur to her that I was rather young to assume when grown to place myself in opposition to nature's laws. Nevertheless, she accepted my promise that I would repay her kindness in educating me by making myself the old maid she was herself and spend my life listening to people's tales about their aches and pains instead of hearing the prattle of my own children.

Nevertheless, my aunt was a good woman despite her crankiness. She took admirable care of me, and when I became old enough to choose a profession I selected medicine. My aunt died shortly after I had received my diploma and left me a legacy sufficient to give me a start in my profession. The last thing she said to me was: "Remember your promise. You will be sorely tempted because you are very good looking. Men will try to draw you away from the path of duty, but you must not listen to them. What they will want of you is to make you a slave. Be constantly on your guard."

As to the temptation, my aunt was right.

My being thrown into a field of labor where I met many men, some of whom were intelligent and attractive, was probably the cause of my receiving a number of proposals. But I set myself resolutely to carry out my aunt's intentions regarding me, feeling bound in honor to do so. I refused all my suitors, devoting myself exclusively to my practice. I found it impossible to keep the fact that I was pledged to celibacy from being known, and I believe that for this reason I was especially sought in marriage. Nothing is so desirable as that which is impossible to obtain.

I practiced two years and resisted all temptations to marry. One day an old lady came to see me and begged that I would make a diagnosis of a trouble that was afflicting her son. She said she believed there was something on her son's mind that he would not confide to his medical attendant. A man, she said, would be more likely to give his confidence in certain matters to a woman than one of his own sex. The invalid had been a trifler in love affairs, and she was not sure but that he had been caught in his own trap. If she could be sure of this she might possibly find a remedy.

There was something winning in the old lady's solicitude lest her boy might be getting his just deserts. I was amused at the absurdity of a man having to call in a woman physician to cure him of a possible love malady. I did not attend men patients as a rule, partly because I had cured one man and he had given me his heart in addition to my fee. But since this dear old lady's invalid son was suspected to be already in love, even to the breaking down of his health, I saw no reason why I should not oblige her. So I promised to at least make one visit.

I found a fine looking young fellow some twenty-eight years old, six feet high and muscular. As I entered the room where he was lounging he looked up at me with a captivating smile that he had evidently inherited from his mother. There was an unconscious strength about him that in a man is especially attractive to a woman. I did not wonder that he had fallen into gallantry and could not but have some sympathy for him that he was suffering the penalty. His mother withdrew and I began to question him professionally, though I only asked him how he felt and to what cause he attributed his ailment; then I said to him frankly:

"You are not ill; you think you are."

"I know it."

"I can't at present determine whether your trouble is mental or nervous. If there is anything on your mind you had better tell me. I can do nothing for you till I know the cause of your malady."

"I am only too glad to make a confidant of you, doctor. I am in love."

"In that case you must be your own physician. I can do nothing for you."

"But suppose this love is breaking me down."

"Nonsense."

"I told my mother that you would take that view of the case. My life is worth nothing to me or any one else except my mother. I implore you to try to do something for me for her sake."

"I will. My prescription is plenty of outdoor exercise and mental occupation. Whenever the image of this unattainable girl comes up before you drive it out."

"I can't."

"There is no such word as can't." I arose to go.

"Will you come again?" he asked ruefully.

There was something both amusing and fascinating in this great hulk of a man clinging to me to save him from himself. Nevertheless, I knew of no antedote for love and had no mind to waste my time dancing attendance on a man whose only ailment was his devotion to some girl who didn't happen to fancy him. But I was obliged to confess to myself that there was something as attractive as ludicrous in it. The fond mother, who had probably been listening, at this point came in and said:

"Of course the doctor will come again. She will not leave you to suffer."

"Not if I can be of service."

As I went out the patient followed me with his handsome, melancholy eyes, full of a longing that I could have understood had I been the girl who was torturing him. But under the circumstances it was very puzzling. Before leaving I questioned his mother with a view of determining if there was any hereditary cause that would account for his condition, but she said all her ancestors on both sides had been healthy in mind and body.

I was at the time much interested in mental effects upon the body. I was sure that this young man's unrequited love had brought him into one of those conditions that are so puzzling to physicians. I told his mother this and advised her to attempt a removal of the fundamental cause. When she asked me how to do this I suggested throwing her son and some fascinating woman, other than the one he loved, together. He would likely transfer his love and this would effect a cure. She promised to think about it, but seemed to consider it rather an impracticable expedient.

A week later she called at my office, evidently very much troubled. She said her son was no better; indeed, if there had been any change since my visit it was for the worse.

"I have thought of your plan, doctor," she said, "of substituting another love, but I know of no one who I believe would be able to draw my son away from his infatuation. I named every girl of his acquaintance to him, asking if there was one he would like to have visit him, and he refused to see any of them. 'I wouldn't mind seeing my doctor,' he said, 'as often as she will call.'"

And what did the poor old mother do, with tears in her eyes, but beg me to make an attempt to substitute myself in her son's affections for the woman he loved. I argued that even if successful I would only be replacing one cause by a similar one. She declared that instead the infatuation would be broken and her son would recover his health.

There was a professional problem involved—a problem as to the effect of mental causes of physical ailments. This and the mother's pleadings prevailed. I would cure the young man if I could, and after his cure—well, after that he must get on as best he could without me.

I visited him at intervals. I played no coquettish pranks upon him. I simply attempted to divert his mind by being as agreeable to him as I could. I chose those subjects for chat in which he was interested and found him in certain lines intellectually my superior. After every call I was rewarded for my pains by his doting mother, who assured me that all was going well and her son was steadily improving. Of course I looked forward with misgivings to the day when my patient would be cured of one love to be tortured by another, but possibly a third or a fourth might so dilute the poison that the physical effect would be neutralized.

A result occurred that I had not calculated upon. While I was winning my patient's love he was winning mine. I awakened finally to the fact that my pledge to my aunt must either be broken or I would become some doctor's patient for the same disease of which I had cured my own.

Nevertheless I determined not to yield. I would not find a substitute, as I had recommended to him, but I would cease to see him. But he would not cease to see me. He followed me relentlessly. I fought him for ten months, then surrendered.

On the day my husband and I returned from our wedding trip he gave me evidence of the value of my aunt's warning.

"Sweetheart," he said, "do you know that the illness which brought us together was all a put up job on you?"

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed, opening my eyes.

"One day I heard some sawbones talking about you and your pledge to devote yourself to your profession and not to marry."

"Well?"

"You know the rest."

As soon as I could get my breath I hissed, "It was a mean, contemptible"—

A kiss stopped the rest.

THE FOUR HENRYS

One of the Most Dramatic of the Legends of France.

A MEETING AND A WARNING.

The Dire Prediction That Was Hurled at Them After a Duel in the Dark and the Way the Fateful Prophecy Became a Matter of History.

Of all the French historical legends there is none more dramatic than that pertaining to "the four Henrys." The tradition is that on a wintry night as the rain fell in torrents an old woman who passed in the country for a witch and who inhabited a miserable cabin in the forest of St. Germain was aroused by a loud knocking at her door. She opened it and saw a cavalier, who requested hospitality. A scrap of cheese and a morsel of black bread were all she set before him.

"I have nothing more," said she. "See, here is all that tithes, taxes, subsidies and other extortions have left me to offer distressed travelers, besides which my neighbors call me a witch and rob me of the produce of my little farm."

"'Tis a cruel situation," said the young man, "and were I king of France I would suppress the taxes."

"God hears you," answered the old woman.

The cavalier was about to commence his repast when a fresh knock at the door restrained him. Again a gentle man, drenched with rain, demanded shelter.

"Is that you, Henry?" said the one.

"It is, Henry," replied the other.

The old woman discovered from their conversation that they belonged to a numerous hunting party led by King Charles IX. and that they had been dispersed by a storm.

"My good woman," said the second comer, "have you naught else to offer us?"

"Nothing," was the reply.

"Well, then," said the other, "we must divide it."

The first Henry gave signs of refusal; but, observing the resolute eye and haughty bearing of the second, he replied in a tone of chagrin:

"Let us divide it, then."

They sat down opposite each other, and one had already commenced cutting the bread with his dagger when a third blow was struck at the door. Again a young nobleman entered—again a Henry. The meeting was most singular.

The first Henry endeavored to hide the bread and cheese. The second replaced it on the table and set his sword by his side. The third Henry smiled.

"What! Will you spare me none of your supper, then?" said he.

"The supper," said the first Henry, "rightly belongs to the first comer."

"The supper," said the second Henry, "belongs of right to him who knows best how to defend it."

The third Henry colored and said haughtily, "Perhaps it rather belongs to him who knows best how to win it."

At these words the first Henry drew his dagger, the two others their swords. They had scarce made a few passes when a fourth blow was heard at the door. The portal opened. A fourth Henry appeared.

At the sight of the naked swords the last comer drew his own and, taking the weakest side, fought vigorously.

The old woman, frightened, hid herself, and it was well that she did, for the swords clashed to pieces everything that came in their way. The lamp fell, was extinguished, and all four fought in the dark. The noise of the swords lasted for some time, but gradually died away. Then the old woman crept out of her hiding place, relit the lamp and beheld the four combatants stretched on the floor. She examined them. Fatigue had overpowered them more than loss of blood.

They rose up one after another, ashamed of what they had done. "Come," said one; "let us now sup with good humor and without quarreling."

But on looking for the supper they perceived it lying on the floor, soiled with their feet and stained with blood.

The old woman, sitting in a corner, fixed her dark eyes on the authors of the mischief.

"Why do you look at us in that manner" demanded the first Henry.

"I see your destinies written in your foreheads," answered the injured woman.

The second Henry harshly commanded her to reveal them. The two others laughed outright.

With outstretched arms the old woman replied: "As you all four have been united in this cabin, you will all be reunited in one and the same destiny. As you have trodden underfoot and soiled with blood the bread of hospitality, you will trample underfoot and soil with blood the power of which you will partake. As you have impoverished and devastated this dwelling, you will devastate and impoverish France. As you have all four been wounded in the dark, you will all perish by treason and a violent death."

These four Henrys were the four heroes of the league—two as its chiefs and two as its enemies—Henry of Conde, poisoned at St. Jean d'Angely by his wife; Henry of Guise, assassinated at Blois by the Forty-five; Henry of Valois (Henry III.), assassinated by Jacques Clement at St. Cloud; Henry of Bourbon (Henry IV.), assassinated at Paris by Ravaillac.—New York Press.

Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.—O'Connell.

A WHISTLER PICTURE.

The Story of Henry Irving's Portrait as Philip II.

The queer ups and downs of a picture are illustrated by the history of the portrait by Whistler of Henry Irving as Philip II. of Spain, now hanging in the Metropolitan museum, in New York. Whistler at a precarious period of his career asked his friend Irving to sit to him for a portrait in the character in which Irving was then playing, Philip II. The portrait was painted, and Irving, much pleased, requested Whistler to let him buy it and to name a price not too high for his slender purse. Having had the pleasure of Whistler's acquaintance, the writer can imagine the following conversation:

"Not too high, Jimmy! You know—sha—that actors—now, modestly, Jimmy!"

"My dear Irving, 'tis a masterpiece, but you shall have it for a song—let us say a thousand pounds."

"Too much, Jimmy—too much!"

Whistler kept the portrait. Soon after, in one of those unpleasant experiences which he shared with his great master, Rembrandt, he was sold out for debt. Rembrandt was sold out only twice. The "Butterfly" underwent three such forced sales.

Irving heard of the sale. Unknown to Whistler, he was able to buy his portrait at the auction for a song, and then in a spirit of friendly retaliation he invited the "Butterfly" to dinner. After the coffee and cigars he remarked, "Aha, my dear Jimmy, you must see my latest acquisition!" and invited him in to see his pictures, not mentioning the fact that he had bought the portrait. Whistler went from one picture to another, criticising, admiring, with that subtle, biting wit of his, and, gazing in front of the portrait, he gayly remarked: "Aha! What have we here? My congratulations, Henry—the best picture in your collection!" He never turned a hair. This picture after Irving's death brought $25,000 at auction in London, and we are lucky to have it here now. This was a legitimate advance in price, and the picture is worth it. The few pounds that Irving paid was one of those fortuitous hazards of the auction room.—Saturday Evening Post.

RED TAPE IN PRAGUE.

While the Officials Wrangled the Matter Settled Itself.

A delightful story of circumlocution comes from Prague. One of the least imposing of the bridges in the city, the Lieonor Brucke, connects two suburbs. Some time ago the toll collector discovered that some rabbits had invaded the district and concluded that their burrowings might threaten the stability of the bridge, so he called the burgomaster's attention to the matter. The burgomaster decided that it did not come within his province, but he sent the representation to the committee managing the public slaughter houses. The committee examined the rabbits and found they were wild, so they could do nothing, and as it was a close time the aid of the sportsman could not be impressed. Still, they did not relieve them of their moral responsibility.

The Prague slaughter house committee in turn informed the Stadtratpraesidium, but the matter was not within its jurisdiction. Yet the stability of the bridge was beyond all things necessary, so the dossier was sent to the central authority for buildings. This body went into the matter and concluded that the water authority should deal with the subject. But, no; the water board opined that it was for the conservators of rivers, and this body decided that rabbits could not be brought within the domain of things fluvial and that the burgomaster was the right party to take action. The dossier having completed the circle of possible departmental travels, the burgomaster decided to act. He appointed a committee of investigation. The committee went to the bridge in four carriages, and then they learned that the rabbits had taken their departure for some months.—Munchner Nachrichten.

What the Death Mask Shows.

The value of a plaster cast as a portrait of the dead or living face cannot for a moment be questioned. It must of necessity be absolutely true to nature. It cannot flatter; it cannot caricature. It shows the subject as he was or is, not only as others saw him in the actual flesh, but as he saw himself. And in the case of the death mask particularly it shows the subject often as he permitted no one but himself to see himself. He does not pose; he does not "try to look pleasant." In his mask he is seen, as it were, with his mask off.

An Itemized Bill.

The departing guest, according to a writer in the London Opinion, scrutinized his bill and exclaimed, "Look here, you charge for writing paper and I haven't used a scrap all the time I've been here!" The Proprietor—Ah, pardon, m'sieur. It is for the paper on which your bill is made out.

The Origin of "Booze."

The Turks make a liquor from barley which is called booza and which, although fermented, is not prohibited like wine, because it gives heat and strength to the body of Moslem warriors and goes for hunger. Excess in drinking it brings on gout and dropsy. —Evlia Effendi, "Travels."

An Old Family.

He—Miss Bellacour claims to belong to a very old family. She—Well, she's justified. There are six of those girls, and the youngest of them must be at least thirty-five.—Exchange.

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F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m. Masonic Hall, Main street. EDGAR W. STRONG, W. M. W. L. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge No. 356 meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work in the first degree at first meeting of each month; 1st degree at second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
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I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
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ELIZABETH FURTLE, Pres.
ANNIE STARK, Secy.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S. Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
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I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in Holder Hall.
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CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal Church—J. W. McGovern, pastor. Preaching 10:30 a. m. Sunday school, 11:45 a. m.; Epworth League, 6:45 p. m.; Evening Service, 7:30. Mid-Week Prayer and Praise Service, Wednesday, 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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PERSONAL MENTION.

F. H. Hungiville was a Buffalo visitor over Sunday.

Lewis Marks was a Port Allegany visitor on Monday.

Dr. F. C. Pierce arrived home from Warren, Pa., Thursday.

Miss Vinnie Campbell spent Sunday with Bradford friends.

Mrs. J. E. Myers of Clarion is visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Inza Sherburne was home from Rochester, N. Y., over Sunday.

Miss Cora Abbey and Miss Bessie Engstrom were Bradford visitors yesterday.

Miss Julia Hanson of Passiac, N. J., is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Ed. Larson.

Miss Theo Freeman has returned home from a week's visit with Bradford friends.

Miss Mate Connolly is the guest of her sister, Mrs. O. J. Wetrick, at Coudersport.

Mrs. Mollie Pierce left Monday for an extended visit with friends in Warren and Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Bell and Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Brasted were Bradford visitors last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pratt are visiting friends in Shinglehouse and Alfred, N. Y., this week.

Mrs. Mary Hussey and grandson, Francis, are visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. J. Miller, in Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hungiville and daughter, Margaret, visited Bolivar friends the latter part of last week.

Miss Maude Shoemaker left Tuesday for her home in Albany, N. Y., after a six weeks' visit with friends in town.

A. R. Cory, Democratic-Keystone candidate for county commissioner, is looking after his interests in Bradford this week.

Mrs. D. C. Young and Mrs. Eugenia Hamiln have returned home from a visit to Mrs. Robert Rose at the Thousand Islands.

Walter Digel, who is taking a course in Westbrook's College, Olean, N. Y., spent Sunday with his parents in Farmers Valley.

Ex-Sheriff Chas. E. Mays of Morrisons was a visitor in town last Friday and during his stay made this office a pleasant call.

Mrs. Charles Milroy returned home Friday from Mt. Vernon, Ohio, where she has been visiting her son, William Frost, and family.

Mrs. W. D. Morey and daughter, Katherine, returned to their home in Bradford after a two weeks' visit with friends in Smethport and vicinity.

Ross K. Knapp is in Warren this week taking the Civil Service examination for a position in the Government printing office at Washington.

Miss Esther Larson, who has been in the Bradford hospital for two weeks during which she underwent an operation for appendicitis, returned home last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hammar left for a visit in New York city the latter part of last week. Mrs. Hammar returned here Monday and Mr. Hammar went on to their home in Corpus Christy, Texas.

Oliver Simmons, auditor of the State Department of Health of Philadelphia, A. G. Steel, assistant treasurer of Harrisburg, and Captain Joe Robinson of Troop B, Pennsylvania State Police, stationed at Wyoming, came over from Austin last Thursday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Guy McCoy for luncheon.

VARIETIES OF APPLES.

The State Zoologist, Prof. H. A. Surface, was asked by a correspondent to name a list of best varieties of apples for a person planting 100 trees. The following letter by the Professor may be a help to others who are contemplating planting an orchard of this size:

"For one hundred apple trees for commercial purposes I would plant twenty-five Stayman Winesap, twenty-five York Imperial, fifteen Rome Beauty, fifteen Mammoth Black Twig or Paragon, ten Summer Rambo and ten Smokehouse. If there is room for a few more I would add from ten to twenty Jonathan. If you wish to cut down the list to reduce it, for your region I would recommend Stayman Winesap, York Imperial, and for a third variety make your own personal choice between Rome Beauty, Jonothan, Paragon and Smokehouse. The list which I have named has the special value of ripening at different dates.

"You can commence with your Summer Rambo, and they will be followed by Smokehouse, which in turn will be followed by Grimes Golden, Jonathan, Rome Beauty, Paragon and Stayman Winesap in order, until you come to York Imperial, which can be picked last. While the York is not recorded of high quality, it is one of the very best commercial apples for this region. It is a strong grower, an is a good bearer, and the fruit has good color and size, and sells well.

"I would advise you to go slow on setting apples, but if you wish to have apples to ripen before the Summer Rambo I would recommend Yellow Transparent, Red Astrachan, Colvert's Fancy and Malden Blush. If you are planting for local market, where you expect to sell them yourself, you can afford to prolong the ripening season by planting a number of varieties that will give a succession in date of ripening. If yours is to be a shipping market, the fewer varieties you plant, and the more you confine your picking period, so as to ship quite a quantity at once, the better it may prove to be for you.

"I would not plant the trees this fall in ground that is seeded in wheat, unless I could keep the tree row cultivated, beginning next spring, and cultivating the tree row itself with a one-horse cultivator, letting the wheat grow between the rows. Above all else, you should avoid planting in wheat field or grain field or sod field, and letting the young trees remain uncultivated. If you wish to get the field in clover before planting, go ahead, and grow your wheat, and take it off next summer, and you will have a clover field after you sow your clover seed in the spring and it starts rightly, and then you can plow this under before planting next fall, or what would probably be better would be to let your clover sod remain over winter, and plow it under early in the spring. There is no great advantage in fall planting, where you are planting only a few trees and will have plenty of time to get them properly planted fairly early in the spring.

"About the only advantage of fall planting is that you get the planting out of the way. The disadvantage in your case would be that you have turned over your clover sod, and have your ground exposed to washing during the winter. If you can get some cover crop on it like rye, that will hold the moisture and grow further fertility, this can be done in the fall, and will be a good plan."

BUSH HILL ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Fay were visitors in Smethport Wednesday.

The dance and husking bee that was held at this place Friday night was a great success. A fine time was reported by all.

Mrs. Ellen Jones of Buffalo is visiting her sister, Mrs. Thomas Smith, of this place.

Wellend Freer was a Smethport visitor Monday.

We are sorry to say that Mrs. M. O'Reilly who has been ill at her home for some time, is not recovering as rapidly as her many friends wish.

Henry Reynolds left for Ellicottville Thursday where he expects to spend some time.

William Smith had the misfortune of running a pitch fork through his foot on Saturday which will lay him up for some time.

Lost.

A Round Automobile Tire Trunk between Kane and Hazelhurst via Wilcox, or Hazelhurst to Kane via Mt. Jewett. Reward offered.

ANNE R. DAVIS,
It Kane, Pa.

Millinery for Winter.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct thing in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

Ancient Architecture.

Herr Knauth, the architect in charge of the Cathedral of Strassburg, has shown that the principles of construction followed by the great cathedral builders of former times are identical with those used by the builders of the Egyptian pyramids and are based on triangulation. The same simple geometrical figure underlies all these constructions. More than this, Herr Knauth traces the architectural principle in the formation of crystals and lays down this formula: "The laws of proportion in mediaeval architecture are the geometrical laws of crystallization."

Cause of the Delay.

"Why is your friend staying so long in New York?"

"I don't know—haven't heard which of the two reasons is keeping him."

"Which of the two?

"Yes, whether he is having too good a time to come away or has spent all his money and can't get away."—Buffalo Express.

Chronic.

"One thing about Jinx, he never comes into one's office without knocking."

"Another thing about Jinx is that he never goes anywhere without knocking."—Houston Post.

Self.

A perfect understanding of self is a perfect understanding of all things, for man is the condensed whole. From such a man no power is withheld. All things are obedient to him. —Freedom.

Life, upon the whole, is far more pleasurable than painful; otherwise we would not feel pain so impatiently when it comes.—Leigh Hunt.

KEELEY CURE

The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 32 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. Only Keeley Institute in Western Penna. 4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

Turn of the Tide.

George H. Earle, the Philadelphia financier, was talking in Washington about high—overhigh or rank—finance.

"There's a certain type of financier," said Mr. Earle, "who in his greed for wealth loses his humanity. He becomes, in fact, a facsimile of Peter Brown.

"Peter Brown was a Conshohocken grocer. He was delivering some groceries in his wagon one morning when he ran down and badly injured an old lady. The old lady sued him and got big damages.

"Well, a few months later Brown was on his rounds again when he ran down and crippled an old gentleman. The old gentleman also sued, and so large were the damages awarded him by a generous jury that poor Brown found himself actually on the verge of ruin.

"One morning about this time Brown's young son rushed into the shop in great excitement.

"'Father,' he cried—'father, mother's been run over by old Gobsa Golde's ninety horsepower touring car.'

"The grocer's eyes filled with tears, and in a voice tremulous with deep feeling he exclaimed:

"'Thank heaven, the luck's changed at last!'"—Philadelphia Press.

Unconventionalities.

"You mustn't mind my not asking you to stay to dinner, Mrs. Happendin. There's just about enough roast beef for our own family."

"Yes, that's a beautiful diamond, Jack, dear—if it is a diamond. Let me see the jeweler's bill for it, please."

"Hawkins, you oughtn't to let the barber cut your hair so short. It shows the shape of your head."

"You needn't have brought the book back at all, Mrs. Luxmore; as soon as you borrowed it I sent out and bought another copy."

"Migglesworth, old chap, talk to me awhile, won't you? I'm troubled with insomnia."

"Dear sir: In returning these sketches to you we suggest that you quit trying to break into the magazines. See if you can't get a job in a sawmill."

Had Hopes.

Owen Wister, in addition to being an author, has acquired some celebrity as a wit. He was being shaved in a St. Louis hotel on returning from a trip to the west some time ago, and the barber, who was attending to his needs, apparently had been out the night before. His hand was very shaky, and several times the author winced.

"Will you have anything on your face when I get through?" the barber inquired when the ordeal was almost over.

"I can't tell yet," mumbled Wister, "but I hope to have part of my nose."—Philadelphia Times.

Taken at His Word.

"I note that you do not appeal as often as formerly to the plain sense of the common people."

"No," answered Senator Sorghum; "I'm afraid I overworked that figure of speech. I encouraged my constituents to such an extent that they are disposed to rely on their plain sense instead of on my advice."—Washington Star.

Slow.

"I've heard it said he was a thought reader," said her dearest friend.

"It's not true," she said bitterly.

"How do you know?"

"He has been calling on me twice a week for four months and hasn't yet mustered up courage to propose."—Ally Sloper.

A Simple Twist of the Wrist.

"You know Jones, who was reputed so rich? Well, he died the other day, and the only thing he left was an old Dutch clock."

"Well, there's one good thing about it—it won't be much trouble to wind up his estate."—Sacred Heart Review.

Real Friendship.

Orator—I thought your paper was friendly to me? Editor—So it is. What's the matter? Orator—I made a speech at the Odd Fellows' dinner last night, and you didn't print a line of it. Editor—Well, what further proof do you want?—Canadian Courier.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

"When our visitor told you he had taken a degree in several towns, did he say what degree it was?"

"No."

"Well, I've found out. It was the third degree."—Baltimore American.

Brief Pleasure.

"It is a treat to see the way a pretty girl tucks a violin under her chin."

"Yes, but too often the treat ends when she begins to play."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Lesser of Two Evils.

"Why doesn't your wife sing to the baby when it cries?"

"Sh! We've found out that the neighbors would rather listen to the baby."—Judge.

As Usual.

"She married him to reform him."

"And what was the result?"

"She wishes now that she had reversed the process."—Boston Transcript.

Just a Fraction.

"You say she is a woman with a past. And does she deny it?"

"Only about ten years of it."—Judge.

TIMELY BREVITIES

The Carnegie hero list now numbers 339.

Russia has the fewest doctors of any civilized country.

Whistles have taken the place of gongs on New York fire apparatus.

In Greece male domestic servants get $10 to $15 a month, women servants $6 to $8.

In consequence of a boom in the hair trade in China pigtails have become a popular article of theft.

There are three kinds of seedless grapefruit in Siam, one of which has red meat. Two are sweet, one sour.

The Chinese government estimated the total population of the country at the beginning of this year as 438,425,000.

The American Art Manual for 1910-11 enumerates 944 art museums, art societies and art schools as against 408 in 1907.

To a Massachusetts man has been granted a patent for an electric lamp and reflector for inspecting the inside of shoes.

An electrically driven machine which divides dough into 10,000 rolls an hour has been installed in a New York bakery.

Two monkeys and a bear, accompanied by an Italian, have succeeded in climbing one of the lofty summits of the Swiss Alps.

The Brazilian government has commenced an active destruction campaign against the locusts, particularly in the state of Sao Paulo.

Figures in the recent census of Denmark show that the population of that kingdom has risen from 2,605,208 in 1906 to 2,757,076 in 1911.

A German engineer has invented an electrically operated apparatus by which he claims to measure time to the ten millionth part of a second.

The mutton of the world is reckoned at 450,000,000 head, of which Australia is credited with 95,000,000. England ranks next with one-third that number.

A French physician has discovered the means of planting artificial eyelashes and eyebrows. The former operation is very painful, but the latter less so.

Girls now operate the elevators in Milwaukee, being duly licensed to do the work by the city inspector and even certified to make ordinary repairs on the machinery.

About 130 pounds of free baggage are allowed on each first class ticket in Japan, and baggage will be delivered by station porters within a radius of four miles at 2½ cents a piece.

A Welsh shipping firm which has been criticised for seeking orientals for seamen says that the standard of British seamen is very low, contrary to the prevailing opinion in that country.

Sunils, the only genuine part of which are the shells, are now being sold in Paris, and it is said that the imitation of the real article is so close that many epicures have a high opinion of the sham product.

The government has established at Paris a national touring office. It is to aid travelers who visit France. All possible information about places of interest and routes is here furnished the stranger free of charge.

An accident insurance company has placed in the elevators of several office buildings the following notice: "This elevator is limited to fourteen persons. All over that number riding on this car do so at their own risk."

The clock in the tower of Trinity church, New York, is 100 years old. Rust and age have played havoc with it. It is to be replaced by one of modern make, having four dials, each six feet in diameter, with numerals inscribed in stone.

The two houses of the Icelandic parliament have unanimously given the vote to every man and woman over twenty-five years of age. They have also given women full equality before the law and the right of holding any office in the state.

Emigrants leaving Germany for other parts of the world are fewer than formerly. In 1882 their number was above 200,000, while that of last year was but 25,000 in round numbers. Of this 25,000 the emigrants coming to the United States were 23,000.

In the treasury department at Washington two women are designated as wastebasket examiners. The contents of all wastebaskets pass through their hands. Every scrap of paper is examined and sorted. Last year the department realized from the sales of its waste paper $19,000.

The Woman's club of Constantinople is said to be the most cosmopolitan in the world. Its membership comprises American, English, French, German, Bulgarian, Russian, Armenian, Greek and Turkish women. Meetings are held monthly, and talks are given on literature, travel, music and art.

Though all the bridges which span the East river in New York city contain about the same amount of steel, Brooklyn bridge is the only one that causes the compasses on vessels passing under it to waver. The needle turns in all directions when this bridge is reached, and its peculiar behavior is a puzzle to the seamen.

New York's wage earners number 1,400,000, of whom the workers in factories lead all the rest with a total of 600,000. The store clerks are next in line with 290,000. There are 220,000 laborers and mechanics, 58,000 men in the liquor business, 45,000 office workers, 40,000 in the printing trades, 23,000 educators, 8,000 church workers, 6,000 lawyers and 5,000 physicians.

SELECT CULLINGS

Miss Liberty Getting Ragged.

The statue of Liberty, in New York harbor, is getting old. An army engineer recently made a close examination of the statue—the engineers look it over once a year—and found that there were just about fifty small holes in the bronze plates of which the statue is built. These holes come usually in the folds and are in spots where the plates always were a bit thinner than the general run of the statue. They also appear seemingly on the more exposed sides. There is no immediate danger for the goddess, however. Her chief caretaker, Lieutenant Jones, says that she is good for 100 years yet and maybe longer just as she is. Lieutenant Jones does not see why it is not possible to replace from time to time some of the plates which have become more badly disintegrated than others. The steel steel framework is still as solid as could be wished. Lieutenant Jones, however, found that the small holes in the thin plates were growing more numerous as time went on and reported to the chief quartermaster of the department of the east, and an engineer was sent over from Governors Island. The statue of Liberty was unveiled in 1886.

A Tax on Tips.

Vienna has many customs peculiar to itself, and among them is the pleasing one of tipping the tramway conductors. The tax on the passenger is not a heavy one—2 hellers, one-fifth of a penny, is sufficient to elicit the grateful acknowledgment of the official who collects the fares. Vienna also enjoys a progressive income tax system, whose net is cast so wide as to include the wages earned by such comparatively insignificant workers as tramway conductors, although these can scarcely amount to £1 a week. It suddenly occurred to the income tax officials that the tramway conductors were not paying any tax on the tips they gathered in. An order has now been issued that hereafter the conductors shall pay 4 crowns (3s. 4d.) a year as income tax on their two heller tips. There are 3,980 tramway conductors in Vienna, so that the state will collect the magnificent sum of £664 a year as tax on the coppers bestowed by generous tramway passengers upon the conductors.

"Truly a beggarly economy," as one of the Vienna journals remarks.—Vienna Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

A Portrait That Fascinates.

To be one of the forty immortals is the ambition of the great men of France, says the Florence correspondent of the Hamburger Fremdenblatt, and so it is the ambition of great painters—and it has been for over 500 years—to have their self painted portraits in the gallery set aside for that purpose in Florence. The list of those who have contributed their likenesses would include hundreds whose names properly belong under the head of "great," from the wonderful girdlike head of Raphael to Josef Israels, the latest in the collection, which has a place of honor in a room all by itself. The artist has depicted himself as a very old man, with sunken cheeks, matted white beard, eyes obscured by heavy lenses and wearing a shapeless hat of uncertain color. There is nothing beautiful about it, but it fascinates the observer, who marvels at the product of old, old age.

Work on the Panama Canal.

The equipment with which the work of digging the Panama canal is being carried on embraces 100 steam shovels of the latest and best type, 4,131 cars, 160 American locomotives and 110 acquired from the French, 30 unloaders, 24 spreaders, 10 track shifters, 35 cranes, 16 pile drivers 18 dredges and some 60 barges, tugs and other small vessels. The total excavation, dry and wet, for the canal, as originally planned, was estimated at 103,795,000 cubic yards, in addition to the excavation accomplished by the French. Changes in the plan of the canal made subsequently by order of the president increased the amount to about 174,663,594 cubic yards, over half of which was to be taken from the central division, which includes the Culebra cut.—New York American.

Has to Import Them.

Russia manufactures neither clocks nor watches.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

In the Estate of Wm. B. Dutcher, deceased

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County, Pa., upon the estate of Wm. B. Dutcher, late of Hamlin Township, in said County, deceased, to Sheridan Gorton, of Smethport Borough, McKean County, Pa., and all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment without delay and all persons who have lawful claims against the same are required to make the same known without delay to the undersigned.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.
Smethport, Pa.

September 12th, 1911.—6t

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, so as to consolidate the courts of common pleas of Allegheny County.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania be, and the same is hereby, proposed, in accordance with the eighteenth article thereof:—

That section six or article five be amended, by striking out the said section, and inserting in place thereof the following:

Section 6. In the County of Philadelphia all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the district courts and courts of common pleas, subject to such changes as may be made by this Constitution or by law, shall be in Philadelphia vested in five distinct and separate courts of equal and co-ordinate jurisdiction, composed of three judges each. The said courts in Philadelphia shall be designated respectively as the court of common pleas number one, number two, number three, number four, and number five, but the number of said courts may be by law increased, from time to time, and shall be in like manner designated by successive numbers. The number of judges in any of said courts, or in any county where the establishment of an additional court may be authorized by law, may be increased, from time to time, and whenever such increase shall amount in the whole to three, such three judges shall compose a distinct and separate court as aforesaid, which shall be numbered as aforesaid. In Philadelphia all suits shall be instituted in the said courts of common pleas without designating the number of the said court, and the several courts shall distribute and apportion the business among them in such a manner as shall be provided by rules of the court, and each court, to which any suit shall be thus assigned, shall have exclusive jurisdiction thereof, subject to change of venue, as shall be provided by law.

In the County of Allegheny all the jurisdiction and powers now vested in the several numbered courts of common pleas shall be vested in one court of common pleas, composed of all the judges in commission in said courts. Such jurisdiction and powers shall extend to all proceedings at law and in equity which shall have been instituted in the several numbered courts, and shall be subject to such changes as may be made by law, and subject to change of venue as provided by law. The president judge of said court shall be selected as provided by law. The number of judges in said court may be by law increased from time to time. This amendment shall take effect on the first day of January succeeding its adoption.

A true copy of Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Amendment to Article Nine, Section Eight.

Section 2. Amend section eight, article nine, of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation," so as to read as follows:—

Section 8. The debt of any county, city, borough, township, school district, or other municipality or incorporated district, except as herein provided, shall never exceed seven per centum upon the assessed value of the taxable property therein, nor shall any such municipality or district incur any new debt, or increase its indebtedness to an amount exceeding two per centum upon such assessed valuation of property, without the assent of the electors thereof at a public election in such manner as shall be provided by law; but any city, the debt of which now exceeds seven per centum of such assessed valuation, may be authorized by law to increase the same three per centum, in the aggregate, at any one time, upon such valuation, except that any debt or debts hereinafter incurred by the city and county of Philadelphia for the construction and development of subways for transit purposes, or for the construction of wharves and docks, or the reclamation of land to be used in the costruction of a system of wharves and docks, as public improvements, owned or to be owned by said city and county of Philadelphia, and which shall yield to the city and county of Philadelphia current net revenue in excess of the interest on said debt or debts and of the annual installments necessary for the cancellation of said debt or debts, may be excluded in ascertaining the power of the city and county of Philadelphia to become otherwise indebted: Provided, That a sinking fund for their cancellation shall be established and maintained.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.